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T H E

BRITISH POETS.

V O L. XXIV.

EDINBURGH:

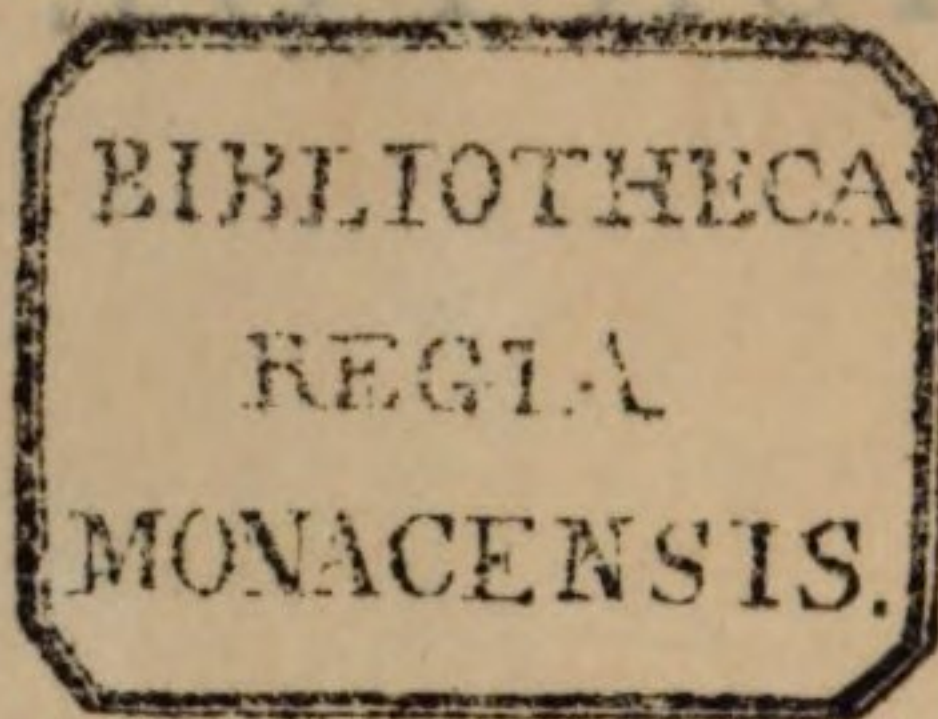
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M, DCC, LXXIII.

T H E

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BRITISH POSTS



V O L XXIV

LE D I T T E U R O M

Printed for A. Kincaid and W. Carrick

and J. Ballantyne.

M. DCC. LXXIII.

THE
I L I A D
O F
H O M E R,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK BY
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

VOLUME II.

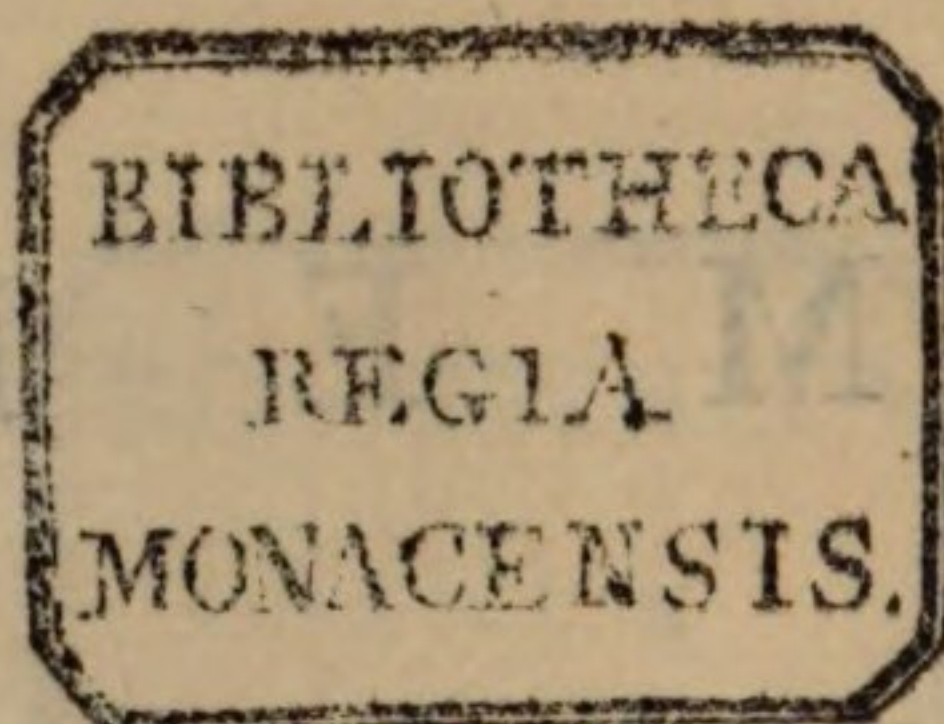
Quis Martem tunica tectum adamantina
Digne scripserit? aut pulvere Troico
Nigrum Merionen? aut ope Palladis
Tydiden superis parem?

HOR.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for A. KINCAID and W. CREECH,
and J. BALFOUR.

M, DCC, LXXIII.



THE
I L I A D.
B O O K IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Embassy to Achilles.

AGAMEMNON, after the last day's defeat, proposes to the Greeks to quit the siege, and return to their country. Diomed opposes this, and Nestor seconds him, praising his wisdom and resolution. He orders the guard to be strengthened, and a council summoned to deliberate what measures were to be followed in this emergency. Agamemnon pursues this advice; and Nestor farther prevails upon him to send ambassadors to Achilles, in order to move him to a reconciliation. Ulysses and Ajax are made choice of, who are accompanied by old Phoenix. They make, each of them, very moving and pressing speeches, but are rejected with roughness by Achilles, who notwithstanding retains Phoenix in his tent. The ambassadors return unsuccessfully to the camp, and the troops betake themselves to sleep. This book, and the next following, take up the space of one night, which is the twenty-seventh from the beginning of the poem. The scene lies on the sea-shore, the station of the Grecian ships.

B O O K IX.

THUS joyful Troy maintain'd the watch of night ;
 While fear, pale comrade of inglorious flight,
 And heav'n-bred horror, on the Grecian part,
 Sat on each face, and sadden'd ev'ry heart.
 As from its cloudy dungeon issuing forth,
 A double tempest of the west and north
 Swells o'er the sea, from Thracia's frozen shore,
 Heaps waves on waves, and bids th' Ægean roar ;
 This way and that the boiling deeps are tost ;
 Such various passions urg'd the troubled host.
 Great Agamemnon griev'd above the rest ;
 Superior sorrows swell'd his royal breast ;
 Himself his orders to the heralds bears,
 To bid to council all the Grecian peers,
 But bid in whispers : These surround their chief,
 In solemn sadness, and majestic grief.
 The king amidst the mournful circle rose ;
 Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows :
 So silent fountains, from a rock's tall heed,
 In sable streams soft-trickling waters shed.
 With more than vulgar grief he stood oppress'd ;
 Words, mix'd with sighs, thus bursting from his
 breast.

Ye sons of Greece ! partake your leader's care,
 Fellows in arms, and princes of the war !
 Of partial Jove too justly we complain,
 And heav'nly oracles believ'd in vain.

A safe return was promis'd to our toils,
 With conquest honour'd, and enrich'd with spoils;
 Now shameful flight alone can save the host!
 Our wealth, our people, and our glory lost.
 So Jove decrees, almighty lord of all!
 Jove, at whose nod whole empires rise or fall,
 Who shakes the feeble props of human trust,
 And tow'rs and armies humbles to the dust.
 Haste then, for ever quit these fatal fields,
 Haste to the joys our native country yields:
 Spread all your canvas, all your oars employ,
 Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended Troy.

He said; deep silence held the Grecian band,
 Silent, unmov'd, in dire dismay they stand,
 A pensive scene! till Tydeus' warlike son
 Roll'd on the king his eyes, and thus begun.

When kings advise us to renounce our fame,
 First let them speak, who first have suffer'd shame.
 If I oppose thee, prince! thy wrath with-hold,
 The laws of council bid my tongue be bold.
 Thou first, and thou alone in fields of fight,
 Durst brand my courage, and defame my might:
 Nor from a friend th' unkind reproach appear'd,
 The Greeks stood witnesses, all our army heard.
 The gods, O chief, from whom our honours spring,
 The Gods have made thee but by halves a king:
 They gave thee sceptres, and a wide command,
 They gave dominion o'er the seas and land;
 The noblest pow'r that might the world controul
 They gave thee not—a brave and virtuous soul.
 Is this a gen'ral's voice, that would suggest
 Fears like his own to ev'ry Grecian breast?

Confiding in our want of worth, he stands ;
 And if we fly, 'tis what our king commands.
 Go thou, inglorious ! from th' embattled plain ;
 Ships thou hast store, and nearest to the main :
 A nobler care the Grecians shall employ,
 To combat, conquer, and extirpate Troy.
 Here Greece shall stay ; or, if all Greece retire,
 Myself will stay, till Troy or I expire ;
 Myself, and Sthenelus, will fight for fame :
 God bade us fight, and 'twas with God we came.

He ceas'd ; the Greeks loud acclamations raise,
 And voice to voice resounds Tydides' praise.
 Wise Nestor then his rev'rend figure rear'd ;
 He spoke : The host in still attention heard.

O truly great ! in whom the gods have join'd
 Such strength of body with such force of mind ;
 In conduct, as in courage, you excell,
 Still first to act what you advise so well.
 Those wholesome counsels which thy wisdom moves,
 Applauding Greece with common voice approves.
 Kings thou canst blame ; a bold, but prudent youth ;
 And blame ev'n kings with praise, because with truth.
 And yet those years that since thy birth have run,
 Would hardly style thee Nestor's youngest son.
 Then let me add what yet remains behind,
 A thought unfinish'd in that gen'rous mind ;
 Age bids me speak ; nor shall th' advice I bring,
 Distaste the people, or offend the king.

Curs'd is the man, and void of law and right,
 Unworthy property, unworthy light,
 Unfit for public rule, or private care ;
 That wretch, that monster who delights in war :

Whose lust is murder, and whose horrid joy,
To tear his country, and his kind destroy!
This night, refresh and fortify thy train;
Between the trench and wall let guards remain:
Be that the duty of the young and bold;
But thou, O king, to council call the old:
Great is thy sway, and weighty are thy cares;
Thy high commands must spirit all our wars.
With Thracian wine recruit thy honour'd guests,
For happy counsels flow from sober feasts.
Wise, weighty counsels aid a state distressed,
And such a monarch as can chuse the best.
See! what a blaze from hostile tents aspires,
How near our fleet approach the Trojan fires!
Who can unmov'd, behold the dreadful light,
What eye beholds them, and can close to-night?
This dreadful interval determines all;
To-morrow, Troy must flame, or Greece must fall.

Thus spoke the hoary sage, the rest obey;
Swift thro' the gates the guards direct their way.
His son was first to pass the lofty mound,
The gen'rous Thrasymed, in arms renown'd:
Next him, Ascalaphus, Ialmen, stood,
The double offspring of the warrior god.
Deipyrus, Aphareus, Merion join,
And Lycomed, of Creon's noble line.
Sev'n were the leaders of the nightly bands,
And each bold chief a hundred spears commands.
The fires they light, to short repasts they fall,
Some line the trench, and others man the wall.

The king of men, on public counsels bent,
Conven'd the princes in his ample tent;

Each seiz'd a portion of the kingly feast,
 But staid his hand when thirst and hunger ceas'd.
 Then Nestor spoke, for wisdom long approv'd,
 And slowly rising, thus the council mov'd.

Monarch of nations! whose superior sway,
 Assembled states, and lords of earth obey,
 The laws and sceptres to thy hand are giv'n,
 And millions own the care of thee and heav'n.
 O king! the counsels of my age attend;
 With thee my cares begin, in thee must end;
 Thee, prince! it fits alike to speak and hear,
 Pronounce with judgment, with regard give ear,
 To see no wholesome motion be withstood,
 And ratify the best for public good.

Nor, tho' a meaner give advice, repine,
 But follow it, and make the wisdom thine.
 Hear then a thought, not now conceiv'd in haste,
 At once my present judgement, and my past.
 When from Pelides' tent you forc'd the maid,
 I first oppos'd, and faithful, durst dissuade;
 But bold of soul, when headlong fury fir'd,
 You wrong'd the man, by men and gods admir'd:
 Now seek some means his fatal wrath to end,
 With pray'rs to move him, or with gifts to bend.

To whom the king. With justice hast thou shown
 A prince's faults, and I with reason own.
 That happy man, whom Jove still honours most,
 Is more than armies, and himself an host.
 Bless'd in his love, this wond'rous hero stands;
 Heav'n fights his war, and humbles all our bands.
 Fain would my heart, which err'd thro' frantic rage,
 The wrathful chief and angry gods assuage.

If gifts immense his mighty soul can bow,
Hear, all ye Greeks, and witness what I vow.
Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
And twice ten vases of refulgent mold;
Sev'n sacred tripods, whose unfully'd frame
Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame;
Twelve steeds unmatched in fleetness and in force,
And still victorious in the dusty course;
(Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed);
Sev'n lovely captives of the Lesbian line,
Skill'd in each art, unmatched in form divine,
The same I chose for more than vulgar charms,
When Lesbos sunk beneath the hero's arms:
All these, to buy his friendship, shall be paid,
And join'd with these the long-contested maid;
With all her charms, Briseis I resign,
And solemn swear those charms were never mine;
Untouch'd she staid, uninjur'd she removes,
Pure from my arms, and guiltless of my loves.
These instant shall be his; and if the pow'rs
Give to our arms proud Ilion's hostile tow'rs,
Then shall he store (when Greece the spoil divides)
With gold and brass his loaded navy's sides.
Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race,
With copious love shall crown his warm embrace;
Such as himself will chuse; who yield to none,
Or yield to Helen's heav'nly charms alone.
Yet hear me farther: When our wars are o'er,
If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
There shall he live my son, our honours share,
And with Orestes self divide my care.

Yet more——three daughters in my court are bred,
 And each well worthy of a royal bed;
 Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
 And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair;
 Her let him chuse, whom most his eyes approve;
 I ask no presents, no reward for love;
 Myself will give the dow'r; so vast a store,
 As never father gave a child before.
 Sev'n ample cities shall confess his sway;
 Him Enope, and Pherae him obey,
 Cardamyle with ample turrets crown'd,
 And sacred Pedasus for vines renown'd;
 Æpeia fair, the pastures Hira yields,
 And rich Antheia with her flow'ry fields;
 The whole extent to Pylo's sandy plain,
 Along the verdant margin of the main.
 There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil;
 Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the soil:
 There shall he reign with pow'r and justice crown'd,
 And rule the tributary realms around.
 All this I give, his vengeance to controul,
 And sure all this may move his mighty soul.
 Pluto, the grizly god, who never spares,
 Who feels no mercy, and who hears no pray'rs,
 Lives dark and dreadful in deep hell's abodes,
 And mortals hate him, as the worst of Gods.
 Great tho' he be, it fits him to obey;
 Since more than his my years, and more my sway.

The monarch thus: The rev'rend Nestor then:
 Great Agamemnon! glorious king of men!
 Such are thy offers as a prince may take,
 And such as fits a gen'rous king to make.

Let chosen delegates this hour be sent
 (Myself will name them) to Pelides' tent :
 Let Phoenix lead, rever'd for hoary age,
 Great Ajax next, and Ithacus the sage.
 Yet more to sanctify the word you send,
 Let Hodus and Eurybates attend.
 Now pray to Jove to grant what Greece demands;
 Pray, in deep silence, and with purest hands.

He said, and all approv'd. The heralds bring
 The cleansing water from the living spring.
 The youth with wine the sacred goblets crown'd,
 And large libations drench'd the sands around.
 The rit. perform'd, the chiefs their thirst allay,
 Then from the royal tent they take their way ;
 Wise Nestor turns on each his careful eye,
 Forbids t' offend, instructs them to apply :
 Much he advis'd them all, Ulysses most,
 To deprecate the chief, and save the host.
 Thro' the still night they march, and hear the roar
 Of murm'ring billows on the sounding shore.
 To Neptune, ruler of the seas profound,
 Whose liquid arms the mighty globe surround,
 They pour forth vows their embassy to bless,
 And calm the rage of stern Æacides.
 And now arriv'd, where on the sandy bay
 The Myrmidonian tents and vessels lay ;
 Amus'd at ease, the godlike man they found,
 Pleas'd with the solemn harp's harmonious sound.
 (The well-wrought harp from conquer'd Thebae came,
 Of polish'd silver was its costly frame) ;
 With this he sooths his angry soul, and sings
 Th' immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.

Patroclus only of the royal train,
 Plac'd in his tent, attends the lofty strain :
 Full opposite he fate, and listen'd long,
 In silence waiting till he ceas'd the song.
 Unseen the Grecian embassy proceeds
 To his high tent ; the great Ulysses leads.
 Achilles starting, as the chiefs he spy'd,
 Leapt from his seat, and laid the harp aside.
 With like surprise arose Menoetius' son :
 Pelides grasp'd their hands, and thus begun :

Princes, all hail ! whatever brought you here,
 Or strong necessity, or urgent fear ;
 Welcome, tho' Greeks ! for not as foes ye came ;
 To me more dear than all that bear the name.

With that the chiefs beneath his roof he led,
 And plac'd in seats with purple carpets spread.
 Then thus—Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
 Mix purer wine, and open ev'ry soul.
 Of all the warriors yonder host can send,
 Thy friend most honours these, and these thy friend.

He said ; Patroclus o'er the blazing fire
 Heaps in a brazen vase three chines entire :
 The brazen vase Automedon sustains,
 Which flesh of porket, sheep, and goat contains :
 Achilles at the genial feast presides,
 The parts transfixes, and with skill divides.
 Meanwhile Patroclus sweats the fire to raise ;
 The tent is brighten'd with the rising blaze :
 Then, when the languid flames at length subside,
 He strows a bed of glowing embers wide,
 Above the coals the smoking fragments turns,
 And sprinkles sacred salt from lifted urns ;

With bread the glitt'ring canisters they load,
 Which round the board Menoetius' son bestow'd ;
 Himself, oppos'd t' Ulysses full in sight,
 Each portion parts, and orders ev'ry rite.
 The first fat off'rings, to th' immortals due,
 Amidst the greedy flames Patroclus threw ;
 Then each indulging in the social feast,
 His thirst and hunger soberly repress.
 That done, to Phoenix Ajax gave the sign ;
 Not unperceiv'd ; Ulysses crown'd with wine
 The foaming bowl, and instant thus began,
 His speech addressing to the godlike man.

Health to Achilles ! happy are thy guests !
 Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts ;
 Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards,
 That Agamemnon's regal tent affords ;
 But greater cares sit heavy on our souls,
 Not eas'd by banquets or by flowing bowls ;
 What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear !
 The dead we mourn, and for the living fear :
 Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,
 And owns no help but from thy saving hands :
 Troy and her aids for ready vengeance call ;
 Their threat'ning tents already shade our wall :
 Hear how with shouts their conquests they proclaim,
 And point at ev'ry ship their vengeful flame !
 For them the father of the gods declares ;
 Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs.
 See, full of Jove, avenging Hector rise !
 See, heav'n and earth the raging chief defies ;
 What fury in his breast, what lightning in his eyes !

He waits but for the morn to sink in flame
 The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.
 Heav'ns! how my country's woes distract my mind,
 Lest fate accomplish all his rage design'd.
 And must we, gods! our heads inglorious lay
 In Trojan dust, and this the fatal day?
 Return, Achilles! oh return, though late,
 To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of fate;
 If in that heart, or grief, or courage lies,
 Rise to redeem; ah yet to conquer, rise!
 The day may come, when all our warriors slain,
 That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain.
 Regard in time, O prince divinely brave!
 Those wholesome counsels which thy father gave.
 When Peleus in his aged arms embrac'd
 His parting son, these accents were his last.
 My child! with strength, with glory and success,
 Thy arms may Juno and Minerva bless!
 Trust that to heav'n; but thou, thy cares engage
 To calm thy passions, and subdue thy rage:
 From gentler manners let thy glory grow,
 And shun contention, the sure source of woe;
 That young and old may in thy praise combine,
 The virtues of humanity be thine—
 This, now despis'd advice, thy father gave;
 Ah! check thy anger, and be truly brave.
 If thou wilt yield to great Atrides' pray'rs,
 Gifts worthy thee his royal hand prepares;
 If not—but hear me, while I number o'er
 The proffer'd presents, an exhaustless store.
 Ten weighty talents of the purest gold,
 And twice ten vases of refulgent mold;

Sev'n sacred tripods, whose unfully'd frame
 Yet knows no office, nor has felt the flame;
 Twelve steeds unmatch'd in fleetness and in force,
 And still victorious in the dusty course;
 (Rich were the man whose ample stores exceed
 The prizes purchas'd by their winged speed);
 Sev'n lovely captives of the Lesbian line,
 Skill'd in each art, unmatch'd in form divine,
 The same he chose, for more than vulgar charms,
 When Lesbos sunk beneath thy conqu'ring arms.
 All these, to buy thy friendship, shall be paid,
 And join'd with these the long-contested maid,
 With all her charms, Briseis he'll resign,
 And solemn swear those charms were only thine;
 Untouch'd she stay'd, uninjur'd she removes,
 Pure from his arms, and guiltless of his loves.
 These instant shall be thine; and if the pow'rs
 Give to our arms proud Ilion's lofty tow'rs,
 Then shalt thou store (when Greece the spoil divides)
 With gold and brass thy loaded navy's sides.
 Besides, full twenty nymphs of Trojan race,
 With copious love shall crown thy warm embrace;
 Such as thyself shall chuse, who yield to none,
 Or yield to Helen's heav'nly charms alone.
 Yet hear me farther: When our wars are o'er,
 If safe we land on Argos' fruitful shore,
 There shalt thou live his son, his honours share,
 And with Orestes' self divide his care.
 Yet more—three daughters in his court are bred,
 And each well worthy of a royal bed;
 Laodice and Iphigenia fair,
 And bright Chrysothemis with golden hair;

Her shalt thou wed whom most thy eyes approve;
 He asks no presents, no reward for love:
 Himself will give the dow'r; so vast a store,
 As never father gave a child before.
 Sev'n ample cities shall confess thy sway,
 Thee Enope, and Pherae thee obey;
 Cardamyle, with ample turrets crown'd,
 And sacred Pedasus, for vines renown'd:
 Æpeia fair, the pastures Hira yields,
 And rich Antheia, with her flow'ry fields:
 The whole extent to Pylos' sandy plain,
 Along the verdant margin of the main.
 There heifers graze, and lab'ring oxen toil;
 Bold are the men, and gen'rous is the soil.
 There shalt thou reign with pow'r and justice crown'd,
 And rule the tributary realms around.
 Such are the proffers which this day we bring;
 Such the repentance of a suppliant king.
 But if all this relentless thou disdain,
 If honour, and if int'rest plead in vain;
 Yet some redress to suppliant Greece afford,
 And be, amongst her guardian gods, ador'd.
 If no regard thy suff'ring country claim,
 Hear thy own glory, and the voice of fame:
 For now that chief, whose unresisted ire
 Made nations tremble, and whole hosts retire,
 Proud Hector, now th' unequal fight demands,
 And only triumphs to deserve thy hands.

Then thus the goddess-born. Ulysses, hear
 A faithful speech, that knows nor art, nor fear;
 What in my secret soul is understood,
 My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.

Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain :
 Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
 Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
 My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

Then thus in short my fix'd resolves attend,
 Which nor Atrides, nor his Greeks can bend.
 Long toils, long perils in their cause I bore,
 But now th' ungrateful glories charm no more.
 Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim ;
 The wretch and hero find their prize the same ;
 Alike regretted in the dust he lies,
 Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.
 Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
 A life of labours, lo ! what fruit remains ?
 As the bold bird her helpless young attends,
 From danger guards them, and from want defends ;
 In search of prey she wings the spacious air,
 And with th' untasted food supplies her care ;
 For thanksless Greece such hardships have I brav'd,
 Her wives, her infants by my labours sav'd ;
 Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood,
 And sweat laborious days in dust and blood.
 I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
 And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain ;
 Then at Atrides' haughty feet were laid
 The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made.
 Your mighty monarch these in peace possess ;
 Some few my soldiers had, himself the rest.
 Some present too to ev'ry prince was paid ;
 And ev'ry prince enjoys the gift he made :
 I only must refund, of all his train ;
 See what pre-eminence our merits gain !

My spoil alone his greedy soul delights;
My spouse alone must bless his lustful nights:
The woman, let him (as he may) enjoy;
But what's the quarrel then of Greece to Troy!
What to these shores th' assembled nations draws;
What calls for vengeance, but a woman's cause?
Are fair endowments, and a beauteous face
Belov'd by none but those of Atreus' race?
The wife whom choice and passion both approve,
Sure ev'ry wise and honest man will love.
Nor did my fair one less distinction claim;
Slave as she was, my soul ador'd the dame.
Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I disdain;
Deceiv'd for once, I trust not kings again.
Ye have my answer—what remains to do,
Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.
What needs he the defence this arm can make?
Has he not walls no human force can shake?
Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round,
With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound?
And will not these (the wonders he has done)
Repel the rage of Priam's single son?
There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)
When Hector's prowess no such wonders wrought:
He kept the verge of Troy, nor dar'd to wait
Achilles' fury at the Scaean gate;
He try'd it once, and scarce was sav'd by fate.
But now these antient enmities are o'er;
To-morrow we the fav'ring gods implore;
Then shall you see our parting vessels crown'd,
And hear with oars the Hellespont resound.

The third day hence, shall Phthia greet our sails,
If mighty Neptune send propitious gales ;
Phthia to her Achilles shall restore
The wealth he left for this detested shore :
Thither the spoils of this long war shall pass,
The ruddy gold, the steel, and shining brass ;
My beauteous captives thither I'll convey,
And all that rests of my unravish'd prey.
One only valu'd gift your tyrant gave,
And that resum'd, the fair Lyrnessian slave.
Then tell him, loud, that all the Greeks may hear,
And learn to scorn the wretch they basely fear ;
(For arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,
And meditates new cheats on all his slaves ;
Though shameless as he is, to face these eyes
Is what he dares not ; if he dares, he dies) :
Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,
Nor share his council, nor his battle join :
For once deceiv'd, was his ; but twice, were mine. }
No—let the stupid prince, whom Jove deprives
Of sense and justice, run where frenzy drives ;
His gifts are hateful : Kings of such a kind
Stand but as slaves before a noble mind.
Not though he proffer'd all himself possess,
And all his rapine could from others wrest ;
Not all the golden tides of wealth that crown
The many-peopled Orchomenian town ;
Not all proud Thebes' unrivall'd walls contain,
The world's great empress on th' Egyptian plain,
(That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states,
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,

Two hundred horsemen, and two hundred cars
 From each wide portal issuing to the wars) :
 Tho' bribes were heap'd on bribes, in number more
 Than dust in fields, or sand along the shore ;
 Should all these offers for my friendship call,
 'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all.
 Atrides' daughter never shall be led
 (An ill-match'd consort) to Achilles's bed ;
 Like golden Venus, though she charm'd the heart,
 And vy'd with Pallas in the works of art,
 Some greater Greek let those high nuptials grace ;
 I hate alliance with a tyrant's race.
 If heav'n restore me to my realms with life,
 The rev'rend Peleus shall elect my wife ;
 Thessalian nymphs there are, of form divine,
 And kings that sue to mix their blood with mine.
 Bless'd in kind love, my years shall glide away,
 Content with just hereditary sway ;
 There, deaf for ever to the martial strife,
 Enjoy the dear prerogative of life.
 Life is not to be bought with heaps of gold ;
 Not all Apollo's Pythian treasures hold,
 Or Troy once held, in peace and pride of sway,
 Can bribe the poor possession of a day !
 Lost herds and treasures we by arms regain,
 And steeds unrivall'd on the dusty plain :
 But from our lips the vital spirit fled,
 Returns no more to wake the silent dead.
 My fates long since by Thetis were disclos'd,
 And each alternate, life or fame propos'd ;
 Here if I stay, before the Trojan town,
 Short t is my date, but deathless my renown.

If I return, I quit immortal praise
 For years on years, and long-extended days.
 Convinc'd, though late, I find my fond mistake,
 And warn the Greeks the wiser choice to make :
 To quit these shores, their native seats enjoy,
 Nor hope the fall of heav'n-defended Troy.
 Jove's arms display'd, asserts her from the skies;
 Her hearts are strengthen'd, and her glories rise.
 Go, then, to Greece report our fix'd design;
 Bid all your councils, all your armies join;
 Let all your forces, all your arts conspire
 To save the ships, the troops, the chiefs from fire.
 One stratagem has fail'd, and others will :
 Ye find Achilles is unconquer'd still.
 Go then—digest my message as ye may—
 But here this night let rev'rend Phoenix stay :
 His tedious toils and hoary hairs demand
 A peaceful death in Phthia's friendly land.
 But, whether he remain, or sail with me,
 His age be sacred, and his will be free.

The son of Peleus ceas'd : The chiefs around,
 In silence rapt, in consternation drown'd,
 Attend the stern reply. Then Phoenix rose ;
 (Down his white beard a stream of sorrow flows),
 And while the fate of suff'ring Greece he mourn'd,
 With accents weak these tender words return'd.

Divine Achilles ! wilt thou then retire,
 And leave our hosts in blood, our fleets on fire ?
 If wrath so dreadful fill thy ruthless mind,
 How shall thy friend, thy Phoenix stay behind ?
 The royal Peleus, when from Phthia's coast
 He sent thee early to th' Achaian host ;

Thy youth as then in sage debates unskill'd,
 And new to perils of the direful field;
 He bade me teach thee all the ways of war;
 'To shine in councils, and in camps to dare.
 Never, ah never let me leave thy side!
 No time shall part us, and no fate divide.
 Not though the god, that breath'd my life, restore
 The bloom I boasted, and the port I bore,
 When Greece of old beheld my youthful flames,
 (Delightful Greece, the land of lovely dames).
 My father, faithless to my mother's arms,
 Old as he was, ador'd a stranger's charms.
 I try'd what youth could do (at her desire)
 To win the damsel, and prevent my fire.
 My fire with curses loads my hated head,
 And cries, "Ye furies! barren be his bed."
 Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,
 And ruthless Proserpine, confirm'd his vow.
 Despair and grief distract my lab'ring mind!
 Gods! what a crime my impious heart design'd?
 I thought (but some kind god that thought suppress)
 To plunge the poinard in my father's breast:
 Then meditate my flight; my friends in vain
 With pray'rs intreat me, and with force detain.
 On fat of rams, black bulls, and brawny swine,
 They daily feast, with draughts of fragrant wine.
 Strong guards they plac'd, and watch'd nine nights
 entire;
 The roofs and porches flam'd with constant fire;
 The tenth, I forc'd the gates, unseen of all;
 And favour'd by the night, o'erleap'd the wall.

My travels thence thro' spacious Greece extend;
 In Phthia's court at last my labours end.
 Your fire receiv'd me, as his son caress'd,
 With gifts enrich'd, and with possessions blest'd.
 The strong Dolopians thenceforth own'd my reign,
 And all the coast that runs along the main.
 By love to thee his bounties I repaid,
 And early wisdom to thy soul convey'd :
 Great as thou art, my lessons made thee brave,
 A child I took thee, but a hero gave.
 Thy infant breast a like affection show'd ;
 Still in my arms, (an ever-pleasing load),
 Or at my knee, by Phoenix wouldst thou stand ;
 No food was grateful but from Phoenix' hand.
 I pass my watchings o'er thy helpless years,
 The tender labours, the compliant cares ;
 The gods (I thought) revers'd their hard decree,
 And Phoenix felt a father's joys in thee :
 Thy growing virtues justify'd my cares,
 And promis'd comfort to my silver hairs.
 Now be thy rage, thy fatal rage, resign'd ;
 A cruel heart ill suits a manly mind :
 The gods (the only great and only wise)
 Are mov'd by off'rings, vows, and sacrifice ;
 Offending man their high compassion wins,
 And daily pray'rs atone for daily sins.
 Pray'rs are Jove's daughters, of celestial race,
 Lamè are their feet, and wrinkled is their face ;
 With humble mien, and with dejected eyes,
 Constant they follow, where Injustice flies :

Injustice swift, erect, and unconfin'd,
 Sweeps the wide earth, and tramples o'er mankind, }
 While Pray'rs, to heal her wrongs move slow behind. }
 Who hears these daughters of almighty Jove,
 For him they mediate to the throne above :
 When man rejects the humble suit they make,
 The fire revenges for the daughters sake ;
 From Jove commission'd, fierce Injustice then
 Descends, to punish unrelenting men.
 Oh let not headlong passion bear the sway ;
 These reconciling goddesses obey :
 Due honours to the seed of Jove belong ;
 Due honours calm the fierce, and bend the strong.
 Were these not paid thee by the terms we bring,
 Were rage still harbour'd in the haughty king ;
 Nor Greece, nor all her fortunes should engage
 Thy friend to plead against so just a rage.
 But since what honour asks, the gen'ral sends,
 And sends by those whom most thy heart commends,
 The best and noblest of the Grecian train ;
 I'rrmit not these to sue, and sue in vain !
 Let me (my son) an ancient fact unfold,
 A great example drawn from times of old ;
 Hear what our fathers were, and what their praise,
 Who conquer'd their revenge in former days.

Where Calydon on rocky mountains stands,
 Once fought th' Ætolian and Curetian bands ;
 To guard it those, to conquer these advance ;
 And mutual deaths were dealt with mutual chance.
 The silver Cynthia bade contention rise,
 In vengeance of neglected sacrifice ;

On Oeneus' fields she sent a monstrous boar,
 That levell'd harvests, and whole forests tore :
 This beast (when many a chief his tusks had slain)
 Great Meleager stretch'd along the plain.
 Then, for his spoils, a new debate arose,
 The neighbour nations thence commencing foes.
 Strong as they were, the bold Curetes fail'd,
 While Meleager's thund'ring arm prevail'd :
 Till rage at length inflam'd his lofty breast,
 (For rage invades the wisest and the best.)

Curs'd by Althaea, to his wrath he yields,
 And in his wife's embrace forgets the fields.
 ' (She from Marpeſſa ſprung, divinely fair,
 ' And matchleſs Idas more than man in war ;
 ' The god of day ador'd the mother's charms ;
 ' Againſt the god the father bent his arms :
 ' The afflicted pair, their ſorrows to proclaim,
 ' From Cleopatra chang'd this daughter's name,
 ' And call'd Alcyone ; a name to ſhow,
 ' The father's grief, the mourning mother's woe.)
 To her the chief retir'd from ſtern debate,
 But found no peace from fierce Althaea's hate :
 Althaea's hate th' unhappy warrior drew,
 Whoſe luckleſs hand his royal uncle ſlew ;
 She beat the ground, and call'd the pow'rs beneath
 On her own ſon to wreak her brother's death ;
 Hell heard her curſes from the realms profound,
 And the red fiends that walk the nightly round.
 In vain Ætolia her deliv'rer waits,
 War ſhakes her walls, and thunders at her gates.
 She ſent ambaffadors, a choſen band,
 Priests of the gods, and elders of the land ;

Besought the chief to save the sinking state ;
 Their prayers were urgent, and their proffers great :
 (Full fifty acres of the richest ground,
 Half pasture green, and half with vineyards crown'd.)
 His suppliant father, aged Oeneus, came ;
 His sisters follow'd ; ev'n the vengeful dame,
 Althaea sues ; his friends before him fall :
 He stands relentless, and rejects them all.
 Meanwhile the victor's shouts ascend the skies ;
 The walls are scal'd ; the rolling flames arise ;
 At length his wife (a form divine) appears,
 With piercing cries, and supplicating tears ;
 She paints the horrors of a conquer'd town,
 The heroes slain, the palaces o'erthrown,
 The matrons ravish'd, the whole race enslav'd :
 The warrior heard, he vanquish'd, and he sav'd.
 Th' Ætolians, long disdain'd, now took their turn,
 And left the chief their broken faith to mourn.
 Learn hence, betimes to curb pernicious ire,
 Nor stay, till yonder fleets ascend in fire :
 Accept the presents : Draw thy conqu'ring sword ;
 And be amongst our guardian gods ador'd.

Thus he: The stern Achilles thus reply'd.
 My second father, and my rev'rend guide ;
 Thy friend, believe me, no such gifts demands,
 And asks no honours from a mortal's hands :
 Jove honours me, and favours my designs ;
 His pleasure guides me, and his will confines :
 And here I stay, (if such his high behest),
 While life's warm spirit beats within my breast.
 Yet hear one word, and lodge it in thy heart ;
 No more molest me on Atrides' part :

Is it for him these tears are taught to flow,
 For him these sorrows ? for my mortal foe !
 A gen'rous friendship no cold medium knows,
 Burns with one love, with one resentment glows ;
 One should our int'rests and our passions be ;
 My friend must hate the man that injures me.
 Do this, my Phoenix, 'tis a gen'rous part ;
 And share my realms, my honours, and my heart.
 Let these return : Our voyage, or our stay,
 Rest undetermin'd till the dawning day.

He ceas'd ; then order'd for the sage's bed
 A warmer couch with num'rous carpets spread.
 With that, stern Ajax his long silence broke,
 And thus, impatient, to Ulysses spoke.

Hence let us go—why waste we time in vain ?
 See what effect our low submissions gain !
 Lik'd or not lik'd, his words we must relate,
 The Greeks expect them, and our heroes wait.
 Proud as he is, that iron heart retains
 Its stubborn purpose, and his friends disdains.
 Stern, and unpitying ! if a brother bleed,
 On just atonement we remit the deed ;
 A sire the slaughter of his son forgives ;
 The price of blood discharg'd, the murd'rer lives ;
 The haughtiest hearts at length their rage resign,
 And gifts can conquer ev'ry soul but thine.
 The gods that unrelenting breast have steel'd,
 And curs'd thee with a mind that cannot yield.
 One woman slave was ravish'd from thy arms ;
 Lo, sev'n are offer'd, and of equal charms.
 Then hear, Achilles ! be of better mind ;
 Revere thy roof, and to thy guests be kind ;

And know the men, of all the Grecian host,
Who honour worth, and prize thy valour most.

Oh soul of battles, and thy people's guide!
(To Ajax thus the first of Greeks reply'd),
Well hast thou spoke; but at the tyrant's name
My rage rekindles, and my soul's on flame:
'Tis just resentment, and becomes the brave;
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the vilest slave!
Return, then, heroes! and our answer bear,
The glorious combat is no more my care;
Not till amidst yon sinking navy slain,
The blood of Greeks shall dye the sable main;
Not till the flames, by Hector's fury thrown,
Consume your vessels, and approach my own:
Just there, th' impetuous homicide shall stand,
There cease his battle, and there feel our hand.

This said, each prince a double goblet crown'd,
And cast a large libation on the ground;
Then to their vessels, thro' the gloomy shades,
The chiefs return; divine Ulysses leads.
Meantime Achilles' slaves prepar'd a bed,
With fleeces, carpets, and soft linen spread:
There, till the sacred morn restor'd the day,
In slumbers sweet the rev'rend Phoenix lay.
But in his inner-tent, an ampler space,
Achilles slept; and in his warm embrace
Fair Diomedes of the Lesbian race.
Last, for Patroclus was the couch prepar'd,
Whose nightly joys the beauteous Iphis shar'd;
Achilles to his friend consign'd her charms,
When Scyros fell before his conqu'ring arms.

And now th' elected chiefs, whom Greece had sent,
 Pass'd thro' the hosts, and reach'd the royal tent.
 Then rising all, with goblets in their hands,
 The peers and leaders of th' Achaian bands,
 Hail'd their return ; Atrides first begun.

Say what success ? divine Laertes' son !
 Achilles' high resolves declare to all ;
 Returns the chief, or must our navy fall ?
 Great king of nations ! (Ithacus reply'd),
 Fix'd is his wrath, unconquer'd is his pride ;
 He flights thy friendship, thy proposals scorns,
 And thus implor'd, with fiercer fury burns.
 To save our army, and our fleets to free,
 Is not his care ; but left to Greece and thee.
 Your eyes shall view, when morning paints the sky,
 Beneath his oars the whitening billows fly ;
 Us too he bids our oars and sails employ,
 Nor hope the fall of heav'n-protected Troy ;
 For Jove o'er shades her with his arm divine,
 Inspires her war, and bids her glory shine.
 Such was his word : What farther he declar'd,
 These sacred heralds and great Ajax heard.
 But Phoenix in his tent the chief retains,
 Safe to transport him to his native plains,
 When morning dawns ; if other he decree,
 His age is sacred, and his choice is free.

Ulysses ceas'd : The great Achaian host,
 With sorrow seiz'd, in consternation lost,
 Attend the stern reply. Tydides broke
 The gen'ral silence, and undaunted spoke.
 Why should we gifts to proud Achilles send !
 Or strive with pray'rs his haughty soul to bend ?

His country's woes he glories to deride,
And pray'rs will burst that swelling heart with pride.
Be the first impulse of his rage obey'd ;
Our battles let him, or desert, or aid ;
Then let him arm when Jove or he think fit ;
That, to his madness, or to heav'n commit.
What for ourselves we can, is always ours ;
This night let due repast refresh our pow'rs ;
(For strength consists in spirits and blood,
And these are ow'd to gen'rous wine and food) ;
But, when the rosy messenger of day
Strikes the blue mountains with her golden ray,
Rang'd at the ships, let all our squadrons shine
In flaming arms, a long-extended line :
In the dread front let great Atrides stand,
The first in danger, as in high command.

Shouts of acclaim the list'ning heroes raise,
Then each to heav'n the due libation pays :
Till sleep descending o'er the tents, bestows
The grateful blessings of desir'd repose.

THE
I L I A D.
BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Night-adventure of Diomed and Ulysses.

UPON the refusal of Achilles to return to the army, the distress of Agamemnon is described in the most lively manner. He takes no rest that night, but passes through the camp, awaking the leaders, and contriving all possible methods for the public safety. Menelaus, Nestor, Ulysses, and Diomed, are employed in raising the rest of the captains. They call a council of war, and determine to send scouts into the enemy's camp, to learn their posture, and discover their intentions. Diomed undertakes this hazardous enterprize, and makes choice of Ulysses for his companion. In their passage they surprise Dolon, whom Hector had sent on a like design to the camp of the Grecians. From him they are informed of the situation of the Trojan and auxiliary forces, and particularly of Rhesus and the Thracians who were lately arrived. They pass on with success; kill Rhesus, with several of his officers, and seize the famous horses of that prince, with which they return in triumph to the camp.

The same night continues; the scene lies in the two camps.

B O O K X.

A L L night the chiefs before their vessels lay,
And lost in sleep the labours of the day :
All but the king ; with various thoughts oppress'd,
His country's cares lay rolling in his breast.
As when by lightnings Jove's aetherial pow'r
Foretells the ratt'ling hail, or weighty show'r,
Or sends soft snows to whiten all the shore ;
Or bids the brazen throat of war to roar ;
By fits one flash succeeds, as one expires,
And heav'n flames thick with momentary fires.
So, bursting frequent from Atrides' breast,
Sighs following sighs, his inward fears confess.
Now o'er the fields, dejected, he surveys
From thousand Trojan fires the mounting blaze ;
Hears in the passing wind their music blow,
And marks distinct the voices of the foe.
Now, looking backwards to the fleet and coast,
Anxious he sorrows for th' endanger'd host.
He rends his hairs, in sacrifice to Jove,
And swears to him that ever lives above :
Inly he groans, while glory and despair
Divide his heart, and wage a doubtful war.
A thousand cares his lab'ring breast revolves,
To seek sage Nestor now the chief resolves ;
With him, in wholesome counsels, to debate
What yet remains to save th' afflicted state.
He rose, and first he cast his mantle round,
Next on his feet the shining sandals bound ;

A lion's yellow spoils his back conceal'd ;
His warlike hand a pointed jav'lin held.
Meanwhile his brother, press'd with equal woes,
Alike deny'd the gifts of soft repose,
Laments for Greece : That in his cause before
So much had suffer'd, and must suffer more.
A leopard's spotted hide his shoulders spread ;
A brazen helmet glitter'd on his head :
Thus (with a jav'lin in his hand) he went
To wake Atrides in the royal tent,
Already wak'd, Atrides he descry'd,
His armour buckling at his vessel's side.
Joyful they met ; the Spartan thus begun :
Why puts my brother his bright armour on ?
Sends he some spy, amidst these silent hours,
To try yon camp, and watch the Trojan pow'rs ?
But say, what hero shall sustain that task ?
Such bold exploits uncommon courage ask ;
Guideless, alone, through night's dark shade to go,
And, 'midst a hostile camp, explore the foe ?
To whom the king : In such distress we stand,
No vulgar counsels our affairs demand ;
Greece to preserve is now no easy part,
But asks high wisdom, deep design, and art.
For Jove, averse, our humble pray'r denies,
And bows his head to Hector's sacrifice.
What eye has witness'd, or what ear believ'd
In one great day, by one great arm achiev'd,
Such wond'rous deeds as Hector's hand has done,
And we beheld, the last revolving sun ?
What honours the belov'd of Jove adorn !
Sprung from no god, and of no goddess born ;

Yet such his acts, as Greeks unborn shall tell,
And curse the battle where their fathers fell.

Now speed thy hasty course along the fleet,
There call great Ajax, and the prince of Crete;
Ourself to hoary Nestor will repair;
To keep the guards on duty be his care;
(For Nestor's influence best that quarter guides,
Whose son, with Merion, o'er the watch presides.)
To whom the Spartan: These thy orders born,
Say, shall I stay, or with dispatch return?
There shalt thou stay, (the king of men reply'd),
Else may we miss to meet without a guide,
The paths so many, and the camp so wide.
Still with your voice the slothful soldiers raise;
Urge by their fathers fame, their future praise.
Forget we now our state and lofty birth:
Not titles, here, but works, must prove our worth.
To labour is the lot of man below;
And when Jove gave us life, he gave us woe.

This said, each parted to his sev'ral cares;
The king to Nestor's sable ship repairs;
The sage protector of the Greeks he found
Stretch'd in his bed, with all his arms around;
The various-colour'd scarf, the shield he rears,
The shining helmet, and the pointed spears:
The dreadful weapons of the warrior's rage,
That, old in arms, disdain'd the peace of age.
Then leaning on his hand his watchful head,
The hoary monarch rais'd his eyes, and said.

What art thou, speak, that, on designs unknown,
While others sleep, thus range the camp alone?

Seek'st thou some friend, or nightly sentinel?
Stand off, approach not, but thy purpose tell.

O son of Neleus, (thus the king rejoin'd),
Pride of the Greeks, and glory of thy kind!
Lo here the wretched Agamemnon stands,
Th' unhappy gen'ral of the Grecian bands;
Whom Jove decrees with daily cares to bend,
And woes that only with his life shall end!
Scarce can my knees these trembling limbs sustain,
And scarce my heart support its load of pain.
No taste of sleep these heavy eyes have known;
Confus'd and sad I wander thus alone,
With fears distracted, with no fix'd design,
And all my people's miseries are mine.
If ought of use thy waking thoughts suggest,
(Since cares, like mine, deprive thy soul of rest),
Impart thy counsel, and assist thy friend;
Now let us jointly to the trench descend,
At ev'ry gate the fainting guard excite,
Tir'd with the toils of day, and watch of night:
Else may the sudden foe our works invade,
So near, and favour'd by the gloomy shade.

To him thus Nestor. Trust the pow'rs above,
Nor think proud Hector's hopes confirm'd by Jove;
How ill agree the views of vain mankind
And the wise counsels of th' eternal mind!
Audacious Hector, if the gods ordain
That great Achilles rise and rage again,
What toils attend thee, and what woes remain?
Lo faithful Nestor thy command obeys;
The care is next our other chiefs to raise:

}

Ulysses, Diomed, we chiefly need:

Meges for strength, Oileus fam'd for speed.

Some other be dispatch'd, of nimbler feet,

To those tall ships, remotest of the fleet,

Where lie great Ajax, and the king of Crete.

To rouse the Spartan I myself decree;

Dear as he is to us, and dear to thee;

Yet I must tax his sloth, that claims no share

With his great brother in his martial care:

Him it behov'd to ev'ry chief to sue,

Preventing ev'ry part perform'd by you;

For strong necessity our toils demands,

Claims all our hearts, and urges all our hands.

To whom the king: With rev'rence we allow

Thy just rebukes, yet learn to spare them now.

My gen'rous brother is of gentle kind,

He seems remiss, but bears a valiant mind;

Thro' too much def'rence to our sov'reign sway,

Content to follow when we lead the way.

But now, our ills industrious to prevent,

Long ere the rest, he rose, and fought our tent.

The chiefs you nam'd, already, at his call,

Prepare to meet us at the navy-wall;

Assembling there, between the trench and gates,

Near the night guards, our chosen council waits.

Then none (said Nestor) shall this rule withstand,

For great examples justify command.

With that the venerable warrior rose;

The shining greaves his manly legs inclose;

His purple mantle golden buckles join'd,

Warm with the softest wool, and doubly lin'd.

Then rushing from his tent, he snatch'd in haste
His steely lance, that lighten'd as he past.

The camp he travers'd thro' the sleeping croud,
Stopt at Ulysses' tent, and call'd aloud.

Ulysses, sudden as the voice was sent,
Awakes, starts up, and issues from his tent.

What new distress, what sudden cause of fright,
Thus leads you wand'ring in the silent night?

O prudent chief! (the Pylian sage reply'd,)

Wise as thou art, be now thy wisdom try'd:

Whatever means of safety can be sought,

Whatever counsels can inspire our thought,

Whatever methods, or to fly or fight;

All, all depend on this important night!

He heard, return'd, and took his painted shield:

Then join'd the chiefs, and follow'd thro' the field.

Without his tent, bold Diomed they found,

All sheath'd in arms, his brave companions round:

Each sunk in sleep, extended on the field,

His head reclining on his bossy shield.

A wood of spears stood by, that fix'd upright,

Shot from their flashing points a quiv'ring light.

A bull's black hide compos'd the hero's bed;

A splendid carpet roll'd beneath his head.

Then with his foot, old Nestor gently shakes

The slumb'ring chief, and in these words awakes.

Rise, son of Tydeus! to the brave and strong

Rest seems inglorious, and the night too long.

But sleep'st thou now! when from yon hill the foe

Hangs o'er the fleet, and shades our walls below?

At this, soft slumber from his eye-lids fled:

The warrior saw the hoary chief, and said,

Wond'rous old man ! whose soul no respite knows,
Tho' years and honours bid thee seek repose.

Let younger Greeks our sleeping warriors wake ;

All fits thy age these toils to undertake.

My friend, (he answer'd), gen'rous is thy care,

These toils, my subjects and my sons might bear,

Their loyal thoughts and pious loves conspire

To ease a sov'reign, and relieve a sire.

But now the last despair surrounds our host ;

No hour must pass, no moment must be lost ;

Each single Greek, in this conclusive strife,

Stands on the sharpest edge of death or life :

Yet if my years thy kind regard engage,

Employ thy youth as I employ my age ;

Succeed to these my cares, and rouse the rest ;

He serves me most, who serves his country best.

This said, the hero o'er his shoulders flung

A lion's spoils, that to his ancles hung ;

Then seiz'd his pond'rous lance, and strode along.

Meges the bold, with Ajax fam'd for speed,

The warrior rous'd, and to th' intrenchments led.

And now the chiefs approach the nightly guard ;

A wakeful squadron, each in arms prepar'd :

Th' unweary'd watch their list'ning leaders keep,

And couching close, repell invading sleep.

So faithful dogs their fleecy charge maintain,

With toil protected from the prowling train ;

When the gaunt lioness, with hunger bold,

Springs from the mountains tow'rd the guarded fold :

Thro' breaking woods her rustling course they hear :

Loud, and more loud, the clamours strike their ear

Of hounds and men; they start, they gaze around,
 Watch ev'ry side, and turn to ev'ry sound.
 Thus watch'd the Grecians, cautious of surprise,
 Each voice, each motion, drew their ears and eyes;
 Each step of passing feet increas'd th' affright;
 And hostile Troy was ever full in sight.
 Nestor with joy the wakeful band survey'd,
 And thus accosted through the gloomy shade.
 'Tis well, my sons! your nightly cares employ,
 Else must our host become the scorn of Troy.
 Watch thus, and Greece shall live—The hero said;
 Then o'er the trench the following chieftains led.
 His son, and godlike Merion march'd behind,
 (For these the princes to their council join'd).
 The trenches pass'd, th' assembled kings around.
 In silent state the consistory crown'd.
 A place there was yet undefil'd with gore,
 The spot where Hector stopt his rage before,
 When night descending, from his vengeful hand,
 Repriv'd the relics of the Grecian band:
 (The plain beside with mangled corpse was spread,
 And all his progress mark'd by heaps of dead.)
 There sat the mournful kings: When Neleus' son
 The council opening, in these words begun.

Is there (said he) a chief so greatly brave,
 His life to hazard, and his country save?
 Lives there a man, who singly dares to go
 To yonder camp, or seize some straggling foe?
 Or favour'd by the night approach so near,
 Their speech, their counsels, and designs to hear?
 If to besiege our navies they prepare,
 Or Troy once more must be the seat of war?

This could he learn, and to our peers recite,
 And pass unharm'd the dangers of the night;
 What fame were his thro' all succeeding days,
 While Phoebus shines, or men have tongues to praise?
 What gifts his grateful country would bestow?
 What must not Greece to her deliv'rer owe?
 A fable ewe each leader should provide,
 With each a fable lambkin by her side;
 At ev'ry rite his share should be increast,
 And his the foremost honours of the feast.

Fear held them mute: Alone, untaught to fear,
 Tydides spoke—The man you seek, is here.
 Thro' yon black camps to bend my dang'rous way,
 Some god within commands, and I obey.
 But let some other chosen warrior join,
 To raise my hopes, and second my design.
 By mutual confidence, and mutual aid,
 Great deeds are done, and great discov'ries made;
 The wise new prudence from the wise acquire,
 And one brave hero fans another's fire.

Contending leaders at the word arose:
 Each gen'rous breast with emulation glows:
 So brave a task each Ajax strove to share,
 Bold Merion strove, and Nestor's valiant heir;
 The Spartan wish'd the second place to gain,
 And great Ulysses wish'd, nor wish'd in vain.
 Then thus the king of men the contest ends,
 Thou first of warriors, and thou best of friends,
 Undaunted Diomed! what chief to join
 In this great enterprise, is only thine.
 Just be thy choice, without affection made;
 To birth, or office, no respect be paid;

Let worth determine here. The monarch spake,
And inly trembled for his brother's sake.

Then thus (the godlike Diomed rejoin'd)
My choice declares the impulse of my mind.
How can I doubt, while great Ulysses stands
To lend his counsels, and assist our hands?
A chief, whose safety is Minerva's care;
So fam'd, so dreadful, in the works of war:
Bless'd in his conduct, I no aid require;
Wisdom like his might pass thro' flames of fire.

It fits thee not, before these chiefs of fame,
(Reply'd the sage), to praise me, or to blame:
Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.
But let us haste—Night rolls the hours away,
The redd'ning orient shews the coming day,
The stars shine fainter on th' aetherial plains,
And of Night's empire but a third remains.

Thus having spoke, with gen'rous ardour press'd,
In arms terrific their huge limbs they dress'd,
A two-edg'd faulchion Thrasymed the brave,
And ample buckler, to Tydides gave:
Then in a leathern helm he cas'd his head,
Short of its crest, and with no plume o'erspread:
(Such as by youths unus'd to arms, are worn;
No spoils enrich it, and no studs adorn.)
Next him Ulysses took a shining sword,
A bow and quiver, with bright arrows stor'd:
A well-prov'd casque, with leather braces bound,
(Thy gift, Meriones), his temples crown'd;
Soft wool within; without, in order spread,
A boar's white teeth grinn'd horrid o'er his head.

This from Amyntor, rich Ormenus' son,
 Autolychus by fraudulent rapine won,
 And gave Amphidamas; from him the prize
 Molus receiv'd, the pledge of social ties;
 The helmet next by Merion was possess'd,
 And now Ulysses' thoughtful temples press'd.
 Thus sheath'd in arms, the council they forsake,
 And dark thro' paths oblique their progress take.
 Just then, in sign she favour'd their intent,
 A long-wing'd heron great Minerva sent;
 Thus, tho' surrounding shades obscur'd their view,
 By the shrill clang and whistling wings, they knew;
 As from the right she soar'd, Ulysses pray'd,
 Hail'd the glad omen, and address'd the maid.

O daughter of that god, whose arm can wield
 Th' avenging bolt, and shake the dreadful shield!
 O thou! for ever present in my way,
 Who all my motions, all my toils survey!
 Safe may we pass beneath the gloomy shade,
 Safe by thy succour to our ships convey'd;
 And let some deed this signal night adorn,
 To claim the tears of Trojans yet unborn.

Then godlike Diomed preferr'd his pray'r:
 Daughter of Jove, unconquer'd Pallas! hear.
 Great queen of arms, whose favour Tydeus won,
 As thou defend'st the sire, defend the son.
 When on Æfopus' banks the banded pow'rs
 Of Greece he left, and fought the Theban tow'rs,
 Peace was his charge; receiv'd with peaceful show,
 He went a legate, but return'd a foe:
 Then help'd by thee, and cover'd by thy shield,
 He fought with numbers, and made numbers yield.

So now be present, oh celestial maid !
 So still continue to the race thine aid !
 A youthful steer shall fall beneath the stroke,
 Untam'd, unconscious of the galling yoke,
 With ample forehead, and with spreading horns,
 Whose taper tops refulgent gold adorns.

The heroes pray'd ; and Pallas from the skies,
 Accords their vow, succeeds their enterprise.
 Now, like two lions panting for the prey,
 With deathful thoughts they trace the dreary way,
 Thro' the black horrors of th' ensanguin'd plain,
 Thro' dust, thro' blood, o'er arms and hills of slain.

Nor less bold Hector, and the sons of Troy,
 On high designs the wakeful hours employ,
 Th' assembled peers their lofty chief inclos'd ;
 Who thus the counsels of his breast propos'd :
 What glorious man for high attempts prepar'd,
 Dares greatly venture for a rich reward ?
 Of yonder fleet a bold discov'ry make,
 What watch they keep, and what resolves they take ?
 If now subdu'd they meditate their flight,
 And spent with toil neglect the watch of night ?
 His be the chariot that shall please him most,
 Of all the plunder of the vanquish'd host ;
 His the fair steeds that all the rest excel ;
 And his the glory to have serv'd so well.

A youth there was among the tribes of Troy,
 Dolon his name, Eumedes' only boy.
 (Five girls beside the rev'rend herald told)
 Rich was the son in brass, and rich in gold ;
 Not bless'd by nature with the charms of face,
 But swift of foot, and matchless in the race.

Hector ! (he said), my courage bids me meet
 This high achievement, and explore the fleet :
 But first exalt thy sceptre to the skies,
 And swear to grant me the demanded prize ;
 Th' immortal courfers and the glitt'ring car,
 That bear Pelides thro' the ranks of war.
 Encourag'd thus, no idle scout I go,
 Fulfil thy wish, their whole intention know ;
 Ev'n to the royal tent pursue my way,
 And all their counsels, all their aims betray.

The chief then heav'd the golden sceptre high,
 Attesting thus the monarch of the sky.
 Be witness thou ! immortal lord of all !
 Whose thunder shakes the dark aerial hall :
 By none but Dolon shall this prize be born,
 And him alone th' immortal steeds adorn.

Thus Hector swore : The gods were call'd in vain ;
 But the rash youth prepares to scour the plain :
 Across his back the bended bow he flung,
 A wolf's grey hide around his shoulders hung,
 A ferret's downy fur his helmet lin'd,
 And in his hand a pointed jav'lin shin'd.
 Then (never to return) he fought the shore,
 And trod the path his feet must tread no more.
 Scarce had he pass'd the steeds and Trojan throng,
 (Still bending forward as he cours'd along),
 When, on the hollow way, th' approaching tread
 Ulysses mark'd, and thus to Diomed.

O friend ! I hear some step of hostile feet,
 Moving this way, or hast'ning to the fleet ;
 Some spy perhaps, to lurk beside the main ;
 Or nightly pillager that strips the slain ;

Yet let him pass, and win a little space ;
Then rush behind him, and prevent his pace.
But if too swift of foot he flies before,
Confine his course along the fleet and shore,
Betwixt the camp and him our spears employ,
And intercept his hop'd return to Troy.

With that they stepp'd aside, and stoop'd their
head,

(As Dolon pass'd), behind a heap of dead :
Along the path the spy unwary flew ;
Soft, at just distance, both the chiefs pursue.
So distant they, and such the space between,
As when two teams of mules divide the green,
(To whom the hind like shares of land allows),
When now new furrows part th' approaching ploughs.
Now Dolon list'ning heard them as they pass :
Hector (he thought) had sent, and check'd his haste,
Till scarce at distance of a jav'lin's throw,
No voice succeeding, he perceiv'd the foe.
As when two skilful hounds the lev'et wind,
Or chase thro' woods obscure the trembling hind ;
Now lost, now seen, they intercept his way,
And from the herd still turn the flying prey :
So fast, and with such fears the Trojan flew ;
So close, so constant, the bold Greeks pursue.
Now almost on the fleet the dastard falls,
And mingles with the guards that watch the walls ;
When brave Tydides stopp'd ; a gen'rous thought
(Inspir'd by Pallas) in his bosom wrought,
Lest on the foe some forward Greek advance,
And snatch the glory from his lifted lance.

Then thus aloud : Whoe'er thou art, remain ;
 This jav'lin else shall fix thee to the plain.
 He said, and high in air the weapon cast,
 Which wilful err'd, and o'er his shoulder past ;
 Then fix'd in earth. Against the trembling wood
 The wretch stood prop'd, and quiver'd as he stood.
 A sudden palsy seiz'd his turning head ;
 His loose teeth chatter'd, and his colour fled :
 The panting warriors seize him as he stands,
 And with unmanly tears his life demands.

O spare my youth, and for the breath I owe,
 Large gifts of price my father shall bestow.
 Vast heaps of brags shall in your ships be told,
 And steel well-temper'd, and refulgent gold.

To whom Ulysses made this wise reply :
 Whoe'er thou art, be bold, nor fear to die.
 What moves thee, say, when sleep has clos'd the sight,
 To roam the silent fields in dead of night ?
 Cam'st thou the secrets of our camp to find,
 By Hector prompted, or thy daring mind ?
 Or art some wretch by hopes of plunder led,
 Thro' hopes of carnage to despoil the dead ?

Then thus pale Dolon with a fearful look,
 (Still as he spoke, his limbs with horror shook) :
 Hither I came, by Hector's words deceiv'd ;
 Much did he promise, rashly I believ'd :
 No less a bribe than great Achilles' car,
 And those swift steeds that sweep the ranks of war,
 Urg'd me, unwilling, this attempt to make ;
 To learn what counsels, what resolves you take :
 If now subdu'd, you fix your hopes on flight,
 And tir'd with toils, neglect the watch of night.

Bold was thy aim, and glorious was the prize,
 (Ulysses, with a scornful smile, replies) :
 Far other rulers those proud steeds demand ;
 And scorn the guidance of a vulgar hand ;
 Ev'n great Achilles scarce their rage can tame,
 Achilles sprung from an immortal dame.
 But say, be faithful, and the truth recite !
 Where lies encamp'd the Trojan chief to-night ?
 Where stand his courfers ? in what quarter sleep
 Their other princes ? tell what watch they keep ?
 Say, since this conquest, what their counsels are ;
 Or here to combat from their city far,
 Or back to Ilion's walls transfer the war ?

Ulysses thus ; and thus Eumedes' son :
 What Dolon knows, his faithful tongue shall own.
 Hector, the peers assembling in his tent,
 A council holds at Ilus' monument.
 No certain guards the nightly watch partake ;
 Where-e'er yon fires ascend, the Trojans wake.
 Anxious for Troy, the guard the natives keep ;
 Safe in their cares, th' auxiliar forces sleep,
 Whose wives and infants, from the danger far,
 Discharge their souls of half the fears of war.

Then sleep those aids among the Trojan train,
 (Inquir'd the chief), or scatter'd o'er the plain ?

To whom the spy : Their pow'rs they thus dispose :
 The Paeons, dreadful with their bended bows,
 The Carians, Caucons, the Pelasgian host,
 And Leleges, encamp along the coast.
 Not distant far, lie higher on the land,
 The Lycian, Mysian, and Maeonian band,

And Phrygia's horse, by Thymbra's ancient wall;
 The Thracians utmost, and apart from all.
 These Troy but lately to her succour won,
 Led on by Rhæsus, great Eioneus' son:
 I saw his courfers in proud triumph go,
 Swift as the wind, and white as winter-snow:
 Rich silver plates his shining car infold:
 His solid arms, refulgent, flame with gold;
 No mortal shoulders suit the glorious load,
 Celestial panoply, to grace a god!
 Let me, unhappy, to your fleet be born,
 Or leave me here, a captive's fate to mourn,
 In cruel chains; till your return reveal
 The truth or falsehood of the news I tell.

To this Tydides, with a gloomy frown:
 Think not to live, tho' all the truth be shown:
 Shall we dismiss thee, in some future strife
 To risk more bravely thy now forfeit life?
 Or that again our camps thou may'st explore!
 No—once a traitor, thou betray'st no more.

Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepar'd
 With humble blandishment to stroke his beard,
 Like lightning swift the wrathful faulchion flew,
 Divides the neck, and cuts the nerves in two;
 One instant snatch'd his trembling soul to hell,
 The head, yet speaking, mutter'd as it fell.
 The furry helmet from his brow they tear,
 The wolfe's grey hide, th' unbended bow and spear:
 These great Ulysses lifting to the skies,
 To fav'ring Pallas dedicates the prize.

Great queen of arms! receive this hostile spoil,
 And let the Thracian steeds reward our toil:

Thee first of all the heav'nly host we praise ;
 O speed our labours, and direct our ways !
 This said, the spoils with dropping gore defac'd,
 High on a spreading tamarisk he plac'd ;
 Then heap'd with reeds, and gather'd boughs, the
 plain,

To guide their footsteps to the place again.

Thro' the still night they cross the devious fields,
 Slipp'ry with blood, o'er arms and heaps of shields,
 Arriving where the Thracian squadrons lay,
 And eas'd in sleep the labours of the day,
 Rang'd in three lines they view the prostrate band :
 The horses yok'd beside each warrior stand ;
 Their arms in order on the ground reclin'd,
 Thro' the brown shade the fulgid weapons shin'd ;
 Amidst lay Rhesus, stretch'd in sleep profound,
 And the white steeds behind his chariot bound.
 The welcome sight Ulysses first descries,
 And points to Diomed the tempting prize.
 The man, the courfers, and the car behold !
 Describ'd by Dolon, with the arms of gold.
 Now, brave Tydides ! now thy courage try,
 Approach the chariot, and the steeds untie ;
 Or, if thy soul aspires to fiercer deeds,
 Urge thou the slaughter, while I seize the steeds.

Pallas (this said) her hero's bosom warms,
 Breath'd in his heart, and strung his nervous arms ;
 Where-e'er he pass'd, a purple stream pursu'd ;
 His thirsty faulchion, fat with hostile blood,
 Bath'd all his footsteps, dy'd the fields with gore,
 And a low groan remurmur'd thro' the shore.

So the grim lion, from his nightly den,
 O'erleaps the fences, and invades the pen ;
 On sheep or goats, resistless in his way,
 He falls, and foaming rends the guardless prey.
 Nor stopp'd the fury of his vengeful hand,
 Till twelve lay breathless of the Thracian band.
 Ulysses following, as his partner flew,
 Back by the foot each slaughter'd warrior drew ;
 The milk-white courfers studious to convey
 Safe to the ships, he wisely clear'd the way ;
 Lest the fierce steeds, not yet to battles bred,
 Should start, and tremble at the heaps of dead.
 Now twelve dispatch'd, the monarch last they found ;
 'Tydides' faulchion fix'd him to the ground.
 Just then a deathful dream Minerva sent ;
 A warlike form appear'd before his tent,
 Whose visionary steel his bosom tore :
 So dream'd the monarch, and awak'd no more.

Ulysses now the snowy steeds detains,
 And leads them, fasten'd by the silver reins ;
 These, with his bow unbent, he lash'd along ;
 (The scourge forgot, on Rhesus chariot hung.)
 Then gave his friend the signal to retire ;
 But him, new dangers, new atchievements fire :
 Doubtful he stood, or with his reeking blade
 To send more heroes to th' infernal shade,
 Drag off the car where Rhesus' armour lay,
 Or heave with manly force, and lift away.
 While unresolv'd the son of Tydeus stands,
 Pallas appears, and thus her chief commands.

Enough, my son, from farther slaughter cease,
 Regard thy safety, and depart in peace ;

Haste to the ships, the gotten spoils enjoy,
Nor tempt too far the hostile gods of Troy.

The voice divine confess'd the martial maid;
In haste he mounted, and her word obey'd;
The courfers fly before Ulysses' bow,
Swift as the wind, and white as winter snow.

Not unobserv'd they pass'd: The god of light
Had watch'd his Troy, and mark'd Minerva's flight,
Saw Tydeus' son with heav'nly succour blest'd,
And vengeful anger fill'd his sacred breast.
Swift to the Trojan camp descends the pow'r,
And wakes Hippocoon in the morning hour,
(On Rhesus' side accustom'd to attend,
A faithful kinsman, and instructive friend.)
He rose, and saw the field deform'd with blood,
An empty space where late the courfers stood,
The yet-warm Thracians panting on the coast;
For each he wept, but for his Rhesus most:
Now while on Rhesus' name he calls in vain,
The gath'ring tumult spreads o'er all the plain;
On heaps the Trojans rush, with wild affright,
And wond'ring view the slaughters of the night.

Meanwhile the chiefs, arriving at the shade
Where late the spoils of Hector's spy were laid,
Ulysses stopp'd; to him Tydides bore
The trophy, dropping yet with Dolon's gore:
Then mounts again; again their nimble feet
The courfers ply, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.

Old Nestor first perceiv'd th' approaching sound,
Bespeaking thus the Grecian peers around.
Methinks the noise of trampling steeds I hear,
Thick'ning this way, and gath'ring on my ear;

Perhaps some horses of the Trojan breed
 (So may, ye gods! my pious hopes succeed)
 The great Tydides and Ulysses bear,
 Return'd triumphant with this prize of war.
 Yet much I fear (ah may that fear be vain)
 The chiefs out-number'd by the Trojan train;
 Perhaps, ev'n now pursu'd, they seek the shore;
 Or, oh! perhaps those heroes are no more.

Scarce had he spoke, when lo! the chiefs appear,
 And spring to earth; the Greeks dismiss their fear:
 With words of friendship and extended hands
 They greet the kings; and Nestor first demands:

Say thou, whose praises all our host proclaim,
 Thou living glory of the Grecian name!
 Say whence these courfers? by what chance bestow'd,
 The spoil of foes, or present of a god?
 Not those fair steeds so radiant and so gay,
 That draw the burning chariot of the day.
 Old as I am, to age I scorn to yield,
 And daily mingle in the martial field;
 But sure till now no courfers struck my sight
 Like these, conspicuous thro' the ranks of fight.
 Some god, I deem, conferr'd the glorious prize,
 Bless'd as ye are, and fav'rites of the skies;
 The care of him who bids the thunder roar,
 And her *, whose fury bathes the world with gore.

Father! not so, (sage Ithacus rejoin'd),
 The gifts of heav'n are of a nobler kind;
 Of Thracian lineage are the steeds ye view,
 Whose hostile king the brave Tydides slew;

* Minerva.

Sleeping he dy'd, with all his guards around,
 And twelve beside lay gasping on the ground.
 These other spoils from conquer'd Dolon came,
 A wretch, whose swiftnefs was his only fame,
 By Hector sent our forces to explore,
 He now lies headless on the sandy shore.

Then o'er the trench the bounding courfers flew ;
 The joyful Greeks with loud acclaim pursue ;
 Straight to Tydides' high pavilion born,
 The matchless steeds his ample stall adorn :
 The neighing courfers their new fellows greet,
 And the full racks are heap'd with gen'rous wheat.
 But Dolon's armour, to his ships convey'd,
 High on the painted stern Ulysses laid,
 A trophy destin'd to the blue-ey'd maid.

Now from nocturnal sweat, and sanguine stain,
 They cleanse their bodies in the neighb'ring main :
 Then in the polish'd bath, refresh'd from toil,
 Their joints they supple with dissolving oil,
 In due repast indulge the genial hour,
 And first to Pallas the libations pour :
 They sit, rejoicing in her aid divine,
 And the crown'd goblet foams with floods of wine.

T H E
I L I A D.

B O O K XI.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The third battle, and the acts of Agamemnon.

AGAMEMNON having armed himself, leads the Grecians to battle : Hector prepares the Trojans to receive them ; while Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva give the signals of war. Agamemnon bears all before him ; and Hector is commanded by Jupiter (who sends Iris for that purpose) to decline the engagement, till the king shall be wounded and retire from the field. He then makes a great slaughter of the enemy ; Ulysses and Diomed put a stop to him for a time ; but the latter being wounded by Paris, is obliged to desert his companion, who is encompassed by the Trojans, wounded, and in the utmost danger, till Menelaus and Ajax rescue him. Hector comes against Ajax ; but that hero alone opposes multitudes, and rallies the Greeks. In the mean time Machaon, in the other wing of the army, is pierced with an arrow by Paris, and carried from the fight in Nestor's chariot. Achilles (who overlooked the action from his ship) sent Patroclus to inquire which of the Greeks was wound-

ed in that manner. Nestor entertains him in his tent with an account of the accidents of the day, and a long recital of some former wars which he remembered, tending to put Patroclus upon persuading Achilles to fight for his countrymen, or at least to permit him to do it, clad in Achilles's armour. Patroclus in his return meets Eurypylus, also wounded, and assists him in that distress.

This book opens with the eight and twentieth day of the poem ; and the same day, with its various actions and adventures, is extended through the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth books. The scene lies in the field near the monument of Ilus.

B O O K XI.

THE saffron morn, with early blushes spread,
 Now rose refulgent from Tithonus' bed ;
 With new-born day to gladden mortal sight,
 And gild the courts of heav'n with sacred light :
 When baleful Iris, sent by Jove's command,
 The torch of discord blazing in her hand,
 Thro' the red skies her bloody sign extends,
 And wrapt in tempests, o'er the fleet descends,
 High on Ulysses' bark, her horrid stand
 She took, and thunder'd thro' the seas and land.
 Ev'n Ajax and Achilles heard the sound,
 Whose ships, remote, the guarded navy bound.
 Thence the black fury thro' the Grecian throng
 With horror sounds the loud Orthian song :
 The navy shakes, and at the dire alarms
 Each bosom boils, each warrior starts to arms.
 No more they sigh inglorious to return,
 But breathe revenge, and for the combat burn.

The king of men his hardy host inspires,
 With loud command, with great example fires ;
 Himself first rose, himself before the rest
 His mighty limbs in radiant armour drest.
 And first he cas'd his manly legs around
 In shining greaves, with silver buckles bound :
 The beaming cuirafs next adorn'd his breast,
 The same which once king Cinyras possess'd :
 (The fame of Greece and her assembled host
 Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coast ;

'Twas then the friendship of the chief to gain,
 This glorious gift he sent, nor sent in vain).
 Ten rows of azure steel the work infold,
 Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;
 Three glitt'ring dragons to the gorget rise,
 Whose imitated scales, against the skies
 Reflected various light, and arching bow'd
 Like colour'd rainbows o'er a show'ry cloud:
 (Jove's wond'rous bow, of three celestial dyes,
 Plac'd as a sign to man amid the skies).
 A radiant baldric o'er his shoulder ty'd,
 Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side;
 Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath encas'd
 The shining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.
 His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,
 That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade;
 Ten zones of brass its ample brim furround,
 And twice ten bosses the bright convex crown'd:
 Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field,
 And circling terrors fill'd th' expressive shield:
 Within its concave hung a silver thong,
 On which a mimic serpent creeps along,
 His azure length in easy waves extends,
 Till in three heads the embroider'd monster ends.
 Last o'er his brows his fourfold helm he plac'd,
 With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd;
 And in his hands two steely jav'lins wields,
 That blaze to heav'n, and lighten all the fields.

That instant Juno, and the martial maid
 In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid;
 High o'er the chief they clash'd their arms in air,
 And leaning from the clouds, expect the war.

Close to the limits of the trench and mound,
 The fiery courfers to their chariots bound
 The squires restrain'd : The foot, with those who
 wield

The lighter arms, rush forward to the field.
 To second these, in close array combin'd,
 The squadrons spread their fable wings behind.
 Now shouts and tumults wake the tardy sun,
 As with the light the warriors toils begun,
 Ev'n Jove whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd
 Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field :
 The woes of men unwilling to survey,
 And all the slaughters that must stain the day.

Near Ilus' tomb, in order rang'd around,
 The Trojan lines possess'd the rising ground.
 There wise Polydamas and Hector stood ;
 Æneas, honour'd as a guardian god ;
 Bold Polybus, Agenor the divine ;
 The brother-warriors of Antenor's line ;
 With youthful Acamas, whose beauteous face,
 And fair proportion, match'd th' ætherial race :
 Great Hector, cover'd with his spacious shield,
 Plies all the troops, and orders all the field.
 As the red star now shows his sanguine fires
 Thro' the dark clouds, and now in night retires ;
 Thus thro' the ranks appear'd the godlike man,
 Plung'd in the rear, or blazing in the van ;
 While streamy sparkles, restless as he flies,
 Flash'd from his arms as lightning from the skies.
 As sweating reapers in some wealthy field,
 Rang'd in two bands, their crooked weapons wield,

Bear down the furrows, till their labours meet;
Thick fall the heapy harvests at their feet:
So Greece and Troy the field of war divide,
And falling ranks are strow'd on ev'ry side.
None stoop'd a thought to base inglorious flight:
But horse to horse and man to man they fight.
Not rabid wolves more fierce contest their prey;
Each wounds, each bleeds, but none resigns the day.
Discord with joy the scene of death descries,
And drinks large slaughter at her sanguine eyes:
Discord alone of all th' immortal train,
Swells the red horrors of this direful plain;
The gods in peace their golden mansions fill,
Rang'd in bright order on th' Olympian hill;
But gen'ral murmurs told their griefs above,
And each accus'd the partial will of Jove.
Meanwhile apart, superior, and alone,
Th' eternal monarch, on his awful throne,
Wrapt in the blaze of boundless glory sat;
And fix'd, fulfill'd the just decrees of fate.
On earth he turn'd his all-confid'ring eyes,
And mark'd the spot where Ilion's tow'rs arise;
The sea with ships, the fields with armies spread,
The victor's rage, the dying, and the dead.

Thus while the morning-beams increasing bright
O'er heav'n's pure azure spread the growing light,
Commual death the fate of war confounds,
Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds.
But now (what time in some sequester'd vale
The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal,
When his tir'd arms refuse the ax to rear,
And claim a respite from the sylvan war;

But not till half the prostrate forests lay
 Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd the day) ;
 Then, nor till then, the Greeks' impulsive might
 Pierc'd the black phalanx, and let in the light.
 Great Agamemnon then the slaughter led,
 And flew Bienor at his people's head ;
 Whose squire Oileus, with a sudden spring,
 Leap'd from the chariot to revenge his king ;
 But in his front he felt the fatal wound,
 Which pierc'd his brain, and stretch'd him on the
 ground.

Atrides spoil'd, and left them on the plain :
 Vain was their youth, their glitt'ring armour vain ;
 Now soil'd with dust, and naked to the sky,
 Their snowy limbs and beauteous bodies lie.

Two sons of Priam next to battle move,
 The product one of marriage, one of love ;
 In the same car the brother-warriors ride,
 This took the charge to combat, that to guide :
 Far other task ! than when they went to keep,
 On Ida's tops their father's fleecy sheep.
 These on the mountains once Achilles found,
 And captive led, with pliant osiers bound ;
 Then to their sire for ample sums restor'd ;
 But now to perish by Atrides' sword :
 Pierc'd in the breast the base-born Ifus bleeds :
 Cleft thro' the head, his brother's fate succeeds.
 Swift to the spoil the hasty victor falls,
 And stript, their features to his mind recalls.
 The Trojans see the youths untimely die,
 But helpless tremble for themselves, and fly.

So when a lion, ranging o'er the lawns,
 Finds, on some grassy lair, the couching fawns,
 Their bones he cracks, their reeking vitals draws,
 And grinds the quiv'ring flesh with bloody jaws;
 The frightened hind beholds, and dares not stay,
 But swift thro' rustling thickets bursts her way;
 All drown'd in sweat the panting mother flies,
 And the big tears roll trickling from her eyes.

Amidst the tumult of the routed train,
 The sons of false Antimachus were slain;
 He, who for bribes his faithless counsels sold,
 And voted Helen's stay for Paris' gold.
 Atrides mark'd, as these their safety sought,
 And slew the children for the father's fault;
 Their headstrong horse unable to restrain,
 They shook with fear, and dropp'd the silken rein;
 Then in their chariot on their knees they fall,
 And thus with lifted hands for mercy call.

Oh spare our youth, and for the life we owe,
 Antimachus shall copious gifts bestow;
 Soon as he hears, that not in battle slain,
 The Grecian ships his captive sons detain,
 Large heaps of brass in ransom shall be told,
 And steel well-temper'd, and persuasive gold.

These words, attended with a flood of tears,
 The youths address'd to unrelenting ears:
 The vengeful monarch gave this stern reply;
 If from Antimachus ye spring, ye die:
 The daring wretch who once in council stood
 To shed Ulysses' and my brother's blood,
 For proffer'd peace! and sues his seed for grace!
 No, die, and pay the forfeit of your race.

This said, Pisander from the car he cast,
 And pierc'd his breast; supine he breath'd his last.
 His brother leap'd to earth; but as he lay,
 The trenchant faulchion lopp'd his hands away;
 His sever'd head was toss'd among the throng,
 And rolling, drew a bloody trail along.
 Then, where the thickest fought, the victor flew;
 The king's example all his Greeks pursue.
 Now by the foot the flying foot were slain,
 Horse trod by horse, lay foaming on the plain.
 From the dry fields thick clouds of dust arise,
 Shade the black host, and intercept the skies.
 The brass-hoof'd steeds tumultuous plunge and bound,
 And the thick thunder beats the lab'ring ground.
 Still slaught'ring on, the king of men proceeds;
 The distanc'd army wonder at his deeds.
 As when the winds with raging flames conspire,
 And o'er the forests roll the flood of fire,
 In blazing heaps the grove's old honours fall,
 And one refulgent ruin levels all:
 Before Atrides' rage so sinks the foe,
 Whole squadron's vanish, and proud heads lie low.
 The steeds fly trembling from his waving sword;
 And many a car, now lighted of its lord,
 Wide o'er the field with guideless fury rolls,
 Breaking their ranks, and crushing out their souls;
 While his keen faulchion drinks the warriors lives;
 More grateful, now, to vultures than their wives!

Perhaps great Hector then had found his fate;
 But Jove and destiny prolong'd his date.
 Safe from the darts, the care of heav'n he stood,
 Amidst alarms, and death, and dust, and blood.

Now past the tomb where ancient Ilus lay,
 Thro' the mid field the routed urge their way.
 Where the wild figs th' adjoining summit crown,
 That path they take, and speed to reach the town:
 As swift Atrides with loud shouts pursu'd,
 Hot with his toil, and bath'd in hostile blood.
 Now near the beech-tree, and the Scaean gates,
 The hero halts, and his associates waits.
 Meanwhile on ev'ry side, around the plain,
 Dispers'd, disorder'd, fly the Trojan train.
 So flies a herd of beeves, that hear dismay'd
 The lion's roaring thro' the midnight-shade;
 On heaps they tumble with successless haste;
 The savage seizes, draws, and rends the last:
 Not with less fury stern Atrides flew,
 Still press'd the rout, and still the hindmost flew;
 Hurl'd from their cars the bravest chiefs are kill'd,
 And rage, and death, and carnage, load the field.

Now storms the victor at the Trojan wall;
 Surveys the tow'rs, and meditates their fall.
 But Jove descending shook th' Idaean hills,
 And down their summits pour'd a hundred rills:
 Th' unkindled lightning in his hand he took,
 And thus the many-colour'd maid bespoke.

Iris, with haste thy golden wings display,
 To god-like Hector thus our word convey.
 While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
 Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
 Bid him give way; but issue forth commands,
 And trust the war to less important hands:
 But when, or wounded by the spear, or dart,
 That chief shall mount his chariot and depart;

Then Jove shall string his arm, and fire his breast,
 Then to her ships shall flying Greece be prest,
 Till to the main the burning sun descend,
 And sacred Night her awful shade extend.

He spoke, and Iris at his word obey'd;
 On wings of winds descends the various maid.
 The chief she found amidst the ranks of war,
 Close to the bulwarks, on his glitt'ring car.
 The goddess then: O son of Priam hear!
 From Jove I come, and his high mandate bear.
 While Agamemnon wastes the ranks around,
 Fights in the front, and bathes with blood the ground,
 Abstain from fight; yet issue forth commands,
 And trust the war to less important hands.
 But when, or wounded by the spear or dart,
 The chief shall mount his chariot, and depart;
 Then Jove shall string thy arm, and fire thy breast,
 Then to her ships shall flying Greece be prest,
 Till to the main the burning sun descend,
 And sacred Night her awful shade extend.

She said, and vanish'd: Hector, with a bound,
 Springs from his chariot on the trembling ground,
 In clanging arms: He grasps in either hand
 A pointed lance, and speeds from band to band;
 Revives their ardour, turns their steps from flight,
 And wakes anew the dying flames of fight.
 They stand to arms: The Greeks their onset dare,
 Condense their pow'rs, and wait the coming war.
 New force, new spirit to each breast returns;
 The fight renew'd with fiercer fury burns:
 The king leads on; all fix on him their eye,
 And learn from him, to conquer, or to die,

Ye sacred nine, celestial Muses! tell,
 Who sac'd him first, and by his prowess fell!
 The great Iphidamas, the bold and young;
 From sage Antenor and Theano sprung;
 Whom from his youth his grandfire Cisseus bred,
 And nurs'd in Thrace, where snowy flocks are fed.
 Scarce did the down his rosy cheeks invest,
 And early honour warm his gen'rous breast,
 When the kind fire consign'd his daughter's charms
 (Theano's sister) to his youthful arms.
 But call'd by glory to the wars of Troy,
 He leaves untasted the first fruits of joy;
 From his lov'd bride departs with melting eyes,
 And swift to aid his dearer country flies.
 With twelve black ships he reach'd Percope's strand,
 Thence took the long, laborious march by land.
 Now fierce for fame, before the ranks he springs,
 Tow'ring in arms, and braves the king of kings.
 Atrides first discharg'd the missive spear;
 The Trojan stoop'd, the jav'lin pass'd in air.
 Then near the corselet, at the monarch's heart,
 With all his strength the youth directs his dart:
 But the broad belt, with plates of silver bound,
 The point rebated, and repell'd the wound.
 Incumber'd with the dart, Atrides stands,
 Till grasp'd with force, he wrench'd it from his hands.
 At once his weighty sword discharg'd a wound
 Full on his neck, that fell'd him to the ground.
 Stretch'd in the dust th' unhappy warrior lies,
 And sleep eternal seals his swimming eyes.
 Oh worthy better fate! oh early slain!
 Thy country's friend; and virtuous, tho' in vain!

No more the youth shall join his consort's side,
 At once a virgin, and at once a bride !
 No more with presents her embraces meet,
 Or lay the spoils of conquest at her feet,
 On whom his passion, lavish of his store,
 Bestow'd so much, and vainly promis'd more !
 Unwept, uncover'd on the plain he lay,
 While the proud victor bore his arms away.

Coon, Antenor's eldest hope, was nigh :
 Tears, at the sight, came starting from his eye.
 While pierc'd with grief the much-lov'd youth he
 view'd,

And the pale features now deform'd with blood.
 Then with his spear, unseen, his time he took,
 Aim'd at the king, and near his elbow strook.
 The thrilling steel transpierc'd the brawny part,
 And thro' his arm stood forth the barbed dart.
 Surpris'd the monarch feels, yet void of fear
 On Coon rushes with his lifted spear :
 His brother's corpse the pious Trojan draws,
 And calls his country to assert his cause;
 Defends him breathless on the sanguine field,
 And o'er the body spreads his ample shield :
 Atrides, marking an unguarded part,
 Transfix'd the warrior with his brazen dart ;
 Prone on his brother's bleeding breast he lay,
 The monarch's faulchion lopp'd his head away :
 The social shades the same dark journey go,
 And join each other in the realms below.

The vengeful victor rages round the fields,
 With ev'ry weapon art or fury yields :

By the long lance, the sword, or pond'rous stone,
 Whole ranks are broken, and whole troops o'erthrown.
 This, while yet warm, distill'd the purple flood ;
 But when the wound grew stiff with clotted blood,
 Then grinding tortures his strong bosom rend,
 Less keen those darts the fierce Ilithyae send,
 (The pow'rs that cause the teeming matron's throes,
 Sad mothers of unutterable woes !)
 Stung with the smart, all panting with the pain,
 He mounts the car, and gives his squire the rein :
 Then with a voice, which fury made more strong,
 And pain augmented, thus exhorts the throng.

O friends ! O Greeks ! assert your honours won ;
 Proceed, and finish what this arm begun :
 Lo ! angry Jove forbids your chief to stay,
 And envies half the glories of the day.

He said ; the driver whirls his lengthful thong ;
 The horses fly, the chariot smokes along.
 Clouds from their nostrils the fierce courfers blow,
 And from their sides the foam descends in snow ;
 Shot thro' the battle in a moment's space,
 The wounded monarch at his tent they place.

No sooner Hector saw the king retir'd,
 But thus his Trojan, and his aids he fir'd.
 Hear all ye Dardan, all ye Lycian race !
 Fam'd in close fight, and dreadful face to face.
 Now call to mind your ancient trophies won,
 Your great forefathers virtues, and your own.
 Behold, the gen'ral flies ! deserts his pow'rs !
 Lo Jove himself declares the conquest ours !
 Now on yon ranks impel your foaming steeds ;
 And, sure of glory, dare immortal deeds.

With words like these the fiery chief alarms
 His fainting host, and ev'ry bosom warms.
 As the bold hunter cheers his hounds to tear
 The brindled lion, or the tusky bear,
 With voice and hand provokes their doubting heart,
 And springs the foremost with his lifted dart :
 So godlike Hector prompts his troops to dare ;
 Nor prompts alone, but leads himself the war.
 On the black body of the foes he pours ;
 As from the cloud's deep bosom, swell'd with show'rs,
 A sudden storm the purple ocean sweeps,
 Drives the wild waves, and tosses all the deeps.
 Say, Muse ! when Jove the Trojan's glory crown'd,
 Beneath his arm what heroes bit the ground ?
 Aslaeus, Dolops, and Autonous dy'd,
 Opites next was added to their side ;
 Then brave Hipponous, fam'd in many a fight,
 Opheltius, Orus, sunk to endless night,
 Æsymnus, Agelaus ; all chiefs of name ;
 The rest were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame.
 As when a western whirlwind, charg'd with storms,
 Dispels the gather'd clouds that Notus forms :
 The gust continu'd, violent, and strong,
 Rolls sable clouds in heaps on heaps along ;
 Now to the skies the foaming billows rears,
 Now breaks the surge and wide the bottom bares :
 Thus raging Hector, with resistless hands,
 O'erturns, confounds, and scatters all their bands.
 Now the last ruin the whole host appalls ;
 Now Greece had trembled in her wooden walls ;
 But wise Ulysses call'd Tydides forth,
 His soul rekindled, and awak'd his worth.

And stand we deedless, O eternal shame !
 Till Hector's arm involve the ships in flame ?
 Haste, let us join, and combat side by side.
 The warrior thus, and thus the friend reply'd.

No martial toil I shun, no danger fear ;
 Let Hector come ; I wait his fury here.
 But Jove with conquest crowns the Trojan train ;
 And, Jove our foe, all human force is vain.

He sigh'd ; but sighing, rais'd his vengeful steel,
 And from his car the proud Thymbraeus fell ;
 Molion, the charioteer, pursu'd his lord,
 His death ennobled by Ulysses' sword.
 There slain, they left them in eternal night ;
 Then plung'd amidst the thickest ranks of fight.
 So two wild boars outstrip the following hounds,
 Then swift revert, and wounds return for wounds.
 Stern Hector's conquests in the middle plain
 Stood check'd a while, and Greece respir'd again.

The sons of Merops shone amidst the war ;
 Tow'ring they rode in one refulgent car :
 In deep prophetic arts their father skill'd,
 Had warn'd his children from the Trojan field ;
 Fate urg'd them on ; the father warn'd in vain ;
 They rush'd to fight, and perish'd on the plain !
 Their breasts no more the vital spirit warms ;
 The stern Tydides strips their shining arms.
 Hypirochus by great Ulysses dies,
 And rich Hippodamus becomes his prize.
 Great Jove from Ide with slaughter fills his fight,
 And level hangs the doubtful scale of fight.
 By Tydeus' lance Agastrophus was slain,
 The far-fam'd hero of Paeonian strain ;

Wing'd with his fears, on foot he strove to fly,
 His steeds too distant, and the foe too nigh :
 Through broken orders, swifter than the wind,
 He fled, but, flying, left his life behind.
 This Hector sees, as his experienc'd eyes
 Traverse the fields, and to the rescue flies ;
 Shouts, as he pass'd, the crystal regions rend ;
 And moving armies on his march attend :
 Great Diomed himself was seiz'd with fear,
 And thus bespoke his brother of the war.

Mark how this way yon bending squadrons yield !
 The storm rolls on, and Hector rules the field :
 Here stand his utmost force—the warrior said ;
 Swift at the word his pond'rous jav'lin fled ;
 Nor miss'd its aim, but where the plumage danc'd,
 Raz'd the smooth cone, and thence obliquely glanc'd.
 Safe in his helm (the gift of Phoebus' hands)
 Without a wound the Trojan hero stands :
 But yet so stunn'd, that, stagg'ring on the plain,
 His arm and knee his sinking bulk sustain ;
 O'er his dim sight the misty vapours rise,
 And a short darkness shades his swimming eyes.
 Tydides follow'd to regain his lance ;
 While Hector rose, recover'd from the trance ;
 Remounts his car, and herds amidst the croud ;
 The Greek pursues him, and exults aloud.

Once more thank Phoebus for thy forfeit breath,
 Or thank that swiftness which outstrips the death.
 Well by Apollo are thy vows repaid,
 And oft that partial pow'r has lent his aid.
 Thou shalt not long the death deserv'd withstand,
 If any god assist Tydides' hand.

Fly then, inglorious! but thy flight this day,
Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay.

Him, while he triumph'd, Paris ey'd from far,
(The spouse of Helen, the fair cause of war);
Around the fields his feather'd shafts he sent,
From antient Ilius' ruin'd monument.

Behind the column plac'd, he bent his bow,
And wing'd an arrow at th' unwary foe:

Just as he stoop'd, Agastrophus's crest
'To seize, and drew the corselet from his breast,
The bow-string twang'd; nor flew the shaft in vain,
But pierc'd his foot, and nail'd it to the plain.
The laughing Trojan, with a joyful spring,
Leaps from his ambush, and insults the king.

He bleeds! (he cries), some god has sped my dart;
Would the same god had fix'd it in his heart!
So Troy, reliev'd from that wide-wasting hand,
Should breathe from slaughter, and in combat stand;
Whose sons now tremble at his darted spear,
As scatter'd lambs the rushing lion fear.

He dauntless thus: Thou conqu'ror of the fair,
Thou woman-warrior with the curling hair;
Vain archer! trusting to the distant dart,
Unskill'd in arms to act a manly part!
Thou hast but done what boys or women can;
Such hands may wound, but not incense a man.
Nor boast the scratch thy feeble arrow gave;
A coward's weapon never hurts the brave.
Nct so this dart, which thou may'st one day feel:
Fate wings its flight, and death is on the steel.
Where this but lights, some noble life expires;
Its touch makes orphans, bathes the cheeks of fires,

Steeps earth in purple, gluts the birds of air;
 And leaves such objects as distract the fair.
 Ulysses hastens with a trembling heart,
 Before him steps, and, bending, draws the dart:
 Forth flows the blood; an eager pang succeeds;
 Tydides mounts, and to the navy speeds.

Now on the field Ulysses stands alone,
 The Greeks all fled, the Trojans pouring on;
 But stands collected in himself and whole,
 And questions thus his own unconquer'd soul:
 What farther subterfuge? what hopes remain?
 What shame, inglorious, if I quit the plain?
 What danger, singly, if I stand the ground,
 My friends all scatter'd, all the foes around?
 Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth suffice;
 The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:
 To die, or conquer, proves a hero's heart;
 And, knowing this, I know a soldier's part.
 Such thoughts revolving in his careful breast,
 Near, and more near, the shady cohorts prest;
 These in the warrior their own fate inclose:
 And round him deep the steelly circle grows.
 So fares a boar, whom all the troop surrounds
 Of shouting huntsmen, and of clam'rous hounds:
 He grinds his iv'ry tusks; he foams with ire;
 His sanguine eye-balls glare with living fire;
 By these, by those on ev'ry side is ply'd;
 And the red slaughter spreads on ev'ry side.
 Pierc'd through the shoulder, first Deiopis fell;
 Next Ennomus and Thoon sunk to hell.
 Chersidamas, beneath the navel thrust,
 Falls prone to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.

Charops, the son of Hippafus, was near ;
 Ulyffes reach'd him with the fatal fpear :
 But to his aid his brother Socus flies ;
 Socus the brave, the gen'rous, and the wife.
 Near as he drew, the warrior thus began.

O great Ulyffes, much-enduring man !
 Not deeper skill'd in ev'ry martial flight,
 Than worn to toils, and active in the fight !
 This day two brothers fhall thy conquest grace,
 And end at once the great Hippafian race ;
 Or thou beneath this lance muft prefs the field—
 He faid, and forceful pierc'd his fpacious fhield :
 Through the ftrong brafs the ringing jav'lin thrown,
 Plow'd half his fide, and bar'd it to the bone.
 By Pallas' care, the fpear, though deep infix'd,
 Stopt fhort of life, nor with his intrails mix'd.

The wound not mortal wife Ulyffes knew ;
 Then furious thus, (but firft fome fteps withdrew.)
 Unhappy man ! whofe death our hands fhall grace !
 Fate calls thee hence, and finish'd is thy race.
 No longer check my conquests on the foe ;
 But pierc'd by this, to endless darknefs go,
 And add one fpectre to the realms below !

He fpoke, while Socus, feiz'd with fudden fright,
 Trembling gave way, and turn'd his back to flight.
 Between his foulders pierc'd the following dart,
 And held its paffage through the panting heart.
 Wide in his breaft appear'd the grisly wound ;
 He falls ; his armour rings againft the ground.
 Then thus Ulyffes, gazing on the flain :
 Fam'd fon of Hippafus, there prefs the plain ;

There ends thy narrow span assign'd by fate;
 Heav'n owes Ulysses yet a longer date.
 Ah wretch! no father shall thy corpse compose;
 Thy dying eyes no tender mother close;
 But hungry birds shall tear those balls away,
 And hov'ring vultures scream around their prey.
 Me Greece shall honour, when I meet my doom,
 With solemn fun'rals and a lasting tomb.

Then raging with intolerable smart,
 He writhes his body, and extracts the dart.
 The dart a tide of spouting gore pursu'd,
 And gladden'd Troy with sight of hostile blood.
 Now troops on troops the fainting chief invade,
 Forc'd he recedes, and loudly calls for aid.
 Thrice to its pitch his lofty voice he rears;
 The well known voice thrice Menelaus hears:
 Alarm'd, to Ajax-Telamon he cry'd,
 Who shares his labours, and defends his side.
 O friend! Ulysses' shouts invade my ear;
 Distress'd he seems, and no assistance near:
 Strong as he is, yet, one oppos'd to all,
 Oppress'd by multitudes, the best may fall.
 Greece, robb'd of him, must bid her host despair,
 And feel a loss not ages can repair.

Then, where the cry directs, his course he bends;
 Great Ajax, like the god of war, attends.
 The prudent chief in sore distress he found,
 With bands of furious Trojans compass'd round.
 As when some huntsman, with a flying spear,
 From the blind thicket wounds a stately deer;
 Down his cleft side while fresh the blood distills,
 He bounds aloft, and scuds from hills to hills:

Till life's warm vapour issuing through the wound,
 Wild mountain-wolves the fainting beast surround;
 Just as their jaws his prostrate limbs invade,
 The lion rushes through the woodland shade;
 The wolves, though hungry, scour dispers'd away;
 The lordly savage vindicates his prey.
 Ulysses thus, unconquer'd by his pains,
 A single warrior, half an host sustains:
 But soon as Ajax heaves his tow'r-like shield,
 The scatter'd crew fly frighted o'er the field;
 Atrides' arm the sinking hero stays,
 And, sav'd from numbers, to his car conveys.

Victorious Ajax plies the routed crew:
 And first Doryclus, Priam's son, he slew:
 On strong Pandochus next inflicts a wound,
 And lays Lyfander bleeding on the ground.
 As when a torrent, swell'd with wint'ry rains,
 Pours from the mountains o'er the delug'd plains,
 And pines and oaks, from their foundations torn,
 A country's ruins! to the seas are born:
 Fierce Ajax thus o'erwhelms the yielding throng;
 Men, steeds, and chariots roll in heaps along.

But Hector, from this scene of slaughter far,
 Rag'd on the left, and rul'd the tide of war:
 Loud groans proclaim his progress thro' the plain,
 And deep Scamander swells with heaps of slain.
 There Nestor and Idomeneus oppose
 The warrior's fury; there the battle glows:
 There fierce on foot, or from the chariot's height,
 His sword deforms the beauteous ranks of fight.
 The spouse of Helen, dealing darts around,
 Had pierc'd Machaon with a distant wound:

In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd,
 And trembling Greece for her physician fear'd.
 To Nestor then Idomeneus begun :
 Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant son !
 Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away,
 And great Machaon to the ships convey.
 A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
 Is more than armies to the public weal.

Old Nestor mounts the seat : Beside him rood
 The wounded offspring of the healing god.
 He lends the lash ; the steeds with sounding feet
 Shake the dry field, and thunder tow'rd the fleet.

But now Cebriones, from Hector's car,
 Survey'd the various fortune of the war.
 While here (he cry'd) the flying Greeks are slain,
 Trojans on Trojans yonder load the plain.
 Before great Ajax see the mingled throng
 Of men and chariots driv'n in heaps along !
 I know him well, distinguish'd o'er the field
 By the broad glitt'ring of the sev'n-fold shield.
 Thither, O Hector ! thither urge thy steeds ;
 There danger calls, and there the combat bleeds :
 There horse and foot in mingled deaths unite,
 And groans of slaughter mix with shouts of fight.

Thus having spoke, the driver's lash resounds ;
 Swift thro' the ranks the rapid chariot bounds ;
 Stung by the stroke, the courfers scour the fields,
 O'er heaps of carcases, and hills of shields.
 The horses hoofs are bath'd in hero's gore,
 And dashing, purple all the car before ;
 The groaning axle sable drops distills,
 And mangled carnage clogs the rapid wheels.

Here Hector plunging through the thickest fight,
 Broke the dark phalanx, and let in the light :
 (By the long lance, the sword, or pond'rous stone,
 The ranks lie scatter'd, and the troops o'erthrown).
 Ajax he shuns, through all the dire debate,
 And fears that arm, whose force he felt so late.
 But partial Jove, espousing Hector's part,
 Shot heav'n-bred horror thro' the Grecian's heart ;
 Confus'd, unnerv'd in Hector's presence grown,
 Amaz'd he stood, with terrors not his own.
 O'er his broad back the moony shield he threw,
 And, glaring round, by tardy steps withdrew.
 Thus the grim lion his retreat maintains,
 Beset with watchful dogs and shouting swains ;
 Repuls'd by numbers from the nightly stalls,
 Tho' rage impells him, and tho' hunger calls,
 Long stands the show'ring darts and missile fires ;
 Then sourly slow th' indignant beast retires.
 So turn'd stern Ajax, by whole hosts repell'd,
 While his swoln heart at ev'ry step rebell'd.

As the slow beast with heavy strength endu'd,
 In some wide field by troops of boys pursu'd,
 Though round his sides a wooden tempest rain,
 Crops the tall harvest, and lays waste the plain ;
 Thick on his hide the hollow blows resound,
 The patient animal maintains his ground ;
 Scarce from the field with all their efforts chas'd,
 And stirs but slowly when he stirs at last.
 On Ajax thus a weight of Trojans hung,
 The strokes redoubled on his buckler rung ;
 Confiding now in bulky strength he stands,
 Now turns, and backward bears the yielding bands.

Now stiff recedes, yet hardly seems to fly,
 And threats his followers with retorted eye,
 Fix'd as the bar between two warring pow'rs,
 While hissing darts descend in iron show'rs :
 In his broad buckler many a weapon stood,
 Its surface bristled with a quiv'ring wood ;
 And many a jav'lin, guiltless on the plain,
 Marks the dry dust, and thirsts for blood in vain.
 But bold Eurypylus his aid imparts,
 And dauntless springs beneath a cloud of darts ;
 Whose eager jav'lin, launch'd against the foe,
 Great Apisaon felt the fatal blow ;
 From his torn liver the red current flow'd,
 And his slack knees desert their dying load.
 The victor rushing to despoil the dead,
 From Paris' bow a vengeful arrow fled :
 Fix'd in his nervous thigh the weapon stood ;
 Fix'd was the point, but broken was the wood.
 Back to the lines the wounded Greek retir'd,
 Yet thus, retreating, his associates fir'd.

What god, O Grecians ! has your hearts dismay'd ?
 Oh turn to arms, 'tis Ajax claims your aid.
 This hour he stands the mark of hostile rage,
 And this the last brave battle he shall wage ;
 Haste, join your forces ; from the gloomy grave
 The warrior rescue, and your country save.

Thus urg'd the chief ; a gen'rous troop appears,
 Who spread their bucklers, and advance their spears,
 To guard their wounded friend : While thus they stand
 With pious care, great Ajax joins the band ;
 Each takes new courage at the hero's sight ;
 The hero rallies, and renews the fight.

Thus rag'd both armies like conflicting fires,
 While Nestor's chariot far from fight retires:
 His courfers steep'd in sweat, and stain'd with gore,
 The Greeks preserver, great Machaon, bore.
 That hour, Achilles, from the topmast height
 Of his proud fleet, o'erlook'd the fields of fight;
 His feasted eyes beheld around the plain
 The Grecian rout, the slaying, and the slain.
 His friend Machaon singled from the rest,
 A transient pity touch'd his vengeful breast.
 Straight to Menoetius' much-lov'd son he sent;
 Graceful as Mars, Patroclus quits his tent;
 (In evil hour! then fate decreed his doom;
 And fix'd the date of all his woes to come!)

Why calls my friend? thy lov'd injunctions lay;
 Whate'er thy will, Patroclus shall obey.

O first of friends! (Pelides thus reply'd),
 Still at my heart, and ever at my side!
 The time is come, when yon despairing host
 Shall learn the value of the man they lost:
 Now at my knees the Greeks shall pour their moan,
 And proud Atrides tremble on his throne.
 Go now to Nestor, and from him be taught
 What wounded warrior late his chariot brought?
 For seen at distance, and but seen behind,
 His form recall'd Machaon to my mind.
 Nor could I, through yon cloud, discern his face,
 The courfers pass'd me with so swift a pace.

The hero said. His friend obey'd with haste,
 Thro' intermingled ships and tents he pass'd,
 The chiefs descending from their car he found;
 The panting steeds Eurymedon unbound.

The warriors standing on the breezy shore,
 To dry their sweat, and wash away the gore,
 Here paus'd a moment, while the gentle gale
 Convey'd that freshness the cool seas exhale;
 Then to consult on farther methods went,
 And took their seats beneath the shady tent.
 The draught prescrib'd, fair Hecamede prepares,
 Arsinous' daughter, grac'd with golden hairs:
 (Whom to his aged arms a royal slave,
 Greece, as the prize of Nestor's wisdom, gave).
 A table first with azure feet she plac'd;
 Whose ample orb a brazen charger grac'd:
 Honey new press'd the sacred flour of wheat,
 And wholesome garlic crown'd the fav'ry treat.
 Next her white hand an antique goblet brings,
 A goblet sacred to the Pylian kings
 From eldest times: Emboss'd with studs of gold,
 Two feet support it, and four handles hold;
 On each bright handle, bending o'er the brink,
 In sculptur'd gold, two turtles seem to drink:
 A massy weight, yet heav'd with ease by him,
 When the brisk nectar overlook'd the brim.
 Temper'd in this, the nymph of form divine
 Pours a large portion of the Pramnian wine;
 With goat's milk-cheese a flav'rous taste bestows;
 And last with flour the smiling surface strows.
 This for the wounded prince the dame prepares;
 The cordial bev'rage rev'rend Nestor shares:
 Salubrious draughts the warriors thirst allay,
 And pleasing conference beguiles the day.

Meantime Patroclus, by Achilles sent,
 Unhear'd approach'd, and stood before the tent.

Old Nestor rising then, the hero led
 To his high seat; the chief refus'd, and said,
 'Tis now no season for these kind delays;
 The great Achilles with impatience stays.
 To great Achilles this respect I owe;
 Who asks what hero, wounded by the foe,
 Was borne from combat by thy foaming steeds?
 With grief I see the great Machaon bleeds.
 This to report, my hasty course I bend;
 Thou know'st the fiery temper of my friend.

Can then the sons of Greece (the sage rejoin'd)
 Excite compassion in Achilles mind?
 Seeks he the sorrows of our host to know?
 This is not half the story of our woe.
 Tell him, not great Machaon bleeds alone,
 Our bravest heroes in the navy groan,
 Ulysses, Agamemnon, Diomed,
 And stern Eurypylus, already bleed.
 But ah! what flatt'ring hopes I entertain?
 Achilles heeds not, but derides our pain:
 Ev'n till the flames consume our fleet he stays,
 And waits the rising of the fatal blaze.
 Chief after chief the raging foe destroys;
 Calm he looks on, and ev'ry death enjoys.
 Now the slow course of all impairing time
 Unstrings my nerves, and ends my manly prime;
 Oh! had I still that strength my youth possess'd,
 When this bold arm th' Epeian pow'rs oppress'd,
 'The bulls of Elis in glad triumph led,
 And stretch'd the great Itymonaeus dead!
 Then, from my fury fled the trembling swains,
 And ours was all the plunder of the plains:

Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine,
 As many goats, as many lowing kine;
 And thrice the number of unrivall'd steeds,
 All teeming females, and of gen'rous breeds.
 These, as my first essay of arms, I won;
 Old Neleus glory'd in his conqu'ring son.
 Thus Elis forc'd, her long arrears restor'd,
 And shares were parted to each Pylian lord.
 The state of Pyle was sunk to last despair,
 When the proud Elians first commenc'd the war:
 For Neleus' sons Alcides rage had slain;
 Of twelve bold brothers, I alone remain!
 Oppress'd, we arm'd; and now this conquest gain'd,
 My fire three hundred chosen sheep obtain'd,
 (That large reprisal he might justly claim,
 For prize defrauded, and insulted fame,
 When Elis' monarch at the public course
 Detain'd his chariot, and victorious horse.)
 The rest the people shar'd; myself survey'd
 The just partition, and due victims paid.
 Three days were past, when Elis rose to war,
 With many a courser, and with many a car;
 The sons of Actor at their army's head
 (Young as they were) the vengeful squadron led.
 High on a rock fair Thryoessa stands,
 Our utmost frontier on the Pylian lands;
 Not far the streams of fam'd Alpheus flow;
 The stream they pass'd and pitch'd their tents below:
 Pallas, descending in the shades of night,
 Alarms the Pylians, and commands the fight.
 Each burns for fame, and swells with martial pride;
 Myself the foremost; but my fire deny'd;

Fear'd for my youth, expos'd to stern alarms;
 And stopp'd my chariot, and detain'd my arms.
 My fire deny'd in vain : On foot I fled
 Amidst our chariots : For the goddess led.

Along fair Arene's delightful plain,
 Soft Minyas rolls his waters to the main.
 There, horse and foot, the Pylian troops unite,
 And sheath'd in arms expect the dawning light.
 Thence, ere the sun advanc'd his noon-day flame,
 To great Alpheus' sacred source we came.
 There first to Jove our solemn rites we paid ;
 An untam'd heifer pleas'd the blue-ey'd maid,
 A bull Alpheus ; and a bull was slain
 To the blue monarch of the wat'ry main.
 In arms we slept, beside the winding flood,
 While round the town the fierce Epeians stood.
 Soon as the sun with all-revealing ray,
 Flam'd in the front of heav'n, and gave the day ;
 Bright scenes of arms, and works of war appear ;
 The nations meet ; there Pylos, Elis here.
 The first who fell, beneath my jav'lin bled ;
 King Augia's son, and spouse of Agamede :
 (She that all simples' healing virtues knew,
 And ev'ry herb that drinks the morning dew.)
 I seiz'd his car, the van of battle led ;
 Th' Epeians saw, and trembled, and they fled.
 The foe dispers'd, their bravest warrior kill'd,
 Fierce as a whirlwind now I swept the field :
 Full fifty captive chariots grac'd my train ;
 Two chiefs from each fell breathless to the plain,
 Then Actor's sons had dy'd ; but Neptune shrouds
 The youthful heroes in a veil of clouds.

O'er heapy shields, and o'er the prostrate throng,
 Collecting spoils, and slaught'ring all along.
 Thro' wide Buprasian fields we forc'd the foes,
 Where o'er the vales th' Olenian rocks arose;
 Till Pallas stopp'd us where Alisium flows.
 Ev'n there, the hindmost of their rear I slay,
 And the same arm that led, concludes the day;
 Then back to Pyle triumphant take my way.
 There to high Jove were public thanks assign'd,
 As first of gods; to Nestor, of mankind.
 Such then I was, impell'd by youthful blood;
 So prov'd my valour for my country's good.

Achilles with unactive fury glows,
 And gives to passion what to Greece he owes.
 How shall he grieve, when to th' eternal shade
 Her hosts shall sink, nor his the pow'r to aid?
 O friend! my memory recalls the day,
 When gath'ring aids along the Grecian sea,
 I, and Ulysses, touch'd at Phthia's port,
 And enter'd Peleus' hospitable court.
 A bull to Jove he slew in sacrifice,
 And pour'd libations on the flaming thighs.
 Thyself, Achilles, and thy rev'rend fire
 Menoetius, turn'd the fragments on the fire.
 Achilles sees us, to the feast invites;
 Social we sit, and share the genial rites.
 We then explain'd the cause on which we came,
 Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
 Your ancient fathers gen'rous precepts gave;
 Peleus said only this—"My son! be brave."
 Menoetius thus: "Tho' great Achilles shine
 " In strength superior, and of race divine,

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 Urg'd you to arms, and found you fierce for fame.
 Your ancient fathers gen'rous precepts gave;
 Peleus said only this—"My son! be brave."
 Menoetius thus: "Tho' great Achilles shine
 "In strength superior, and of race divine,

" Yet cooler thoughts thy elder years attend;
 " Let thy just counsels aid, and rule thy friend."
 Thus spoke your father at Theffalia's court;
 Words now forgot, tho' now of vast import.
 Ah! try the utmost that a friend can say,
 Such gentle force the fiercest minds obey;
 Some fav'ring god Achilles' heart may move;
 Tho' deaf to glory, he may yield to love.
 If some dire oracle his breast alarm,
 If ought from heav'n with-hold his saving arm;
 Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
 If thou but lead the Myrmidonian line;
 Clad in Achilles' arms, if thou appear,
 Proud Troy may tremble, and desist from war;
 Press'd by fresh forces, her o'er-labour'd train
 Shall seek their walls, and Greece respire again.

This touch'd his gen'rous heart, and from the tent
 Along the shore with hasty strides he went;
 Soon as he came, where, on the crowded strand,
 The public mart and courts of justice stand,
 Where the tall fleet of great Ulysses lies,
 And altars to the guardian gods arise;
 There sad he met the brave Evaemon's son;
 Large painful drops from all his members run;
 An arrow's head yet rooted in his wound,
 The fable blood in circles mark'd the ground,
 As faintly reeling he confess'd the smart:
 Weak was his pace, but dauntless was his heart.
 Divine compassion touch'd Patroclus' breast,
 Who sighing, thus his bleeding friend address'd.

Ah hapless leader of the Grecian host!
 Thus must ye perish on a barb'rous coast?

Is this your fate, to glut the dogs with gore,
 Far from your friends, and from your native shore?
 Say, great Eurypylus! shall Greece yet stand?
 Resists she yet the raging Hector's hand?
 Or are her heroes doom'd to die with shame,
 And this the period of our wars and fame?

Eurypylus replies: No more, (my friend),
 Greece is no more, this day her glories end.
 Ev'n to the ships victorious Troy pursues,
 Her force increasing as her toil renews.
 Those chiefs, that us'd her utmost rage to meet,
 Lie pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in the fleet.
 But thou, Patroclus! act a friendly part,
 Lead to my ships, and draw this deadly dart;
 With lukewarm water wash the gore away,
 With healing balms the raging smart allay,
 Such as sage Chiron, sire of pharmacy,
 Once taught Achilles, and Achilles thee.
 Of two fam'd surgeons, Podalirius stands
 This hour surrounded by the Trojan bands;
 And great Machaon, wounded in his tent,
 Now wants that succour which so oft he lent.

To him the chief. What then remains to do!
 Th' event of things the gods alone can view.
 Charg'd by Achilles' great command I fly,
 And bear with haste the Pylian king's reply:
 But thy distress this instant claims relief.
 He said, and in his arms upheld the chief.
 The slaves their master's slow approach survey'd,
 And hides of oxen on the floor display'd:
 There stretch'd at length the wounded hero lay;
 Patroclus cut the forky steel away.

Then in his hands a bitter root he bruis'd ;
 The wound he wash'd, the styptic juice infus'd.
 The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow,
 The wound to torture, and the blood to flow.

T H E
I L I A D.

B O O K XII.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The battle at the Grecian wall.

The Greeks being retired into their intrenchments, Hector attempts to force them ; but it proving impossible to pass the ditch, Polydamus advises to quit their chariots, and manage the attack on foot. The Trojans follow his counsel ; and having divided their army into five bodies of foot, begin the assault. But, upon the signal of an eagle with a serpent in his talons, which appeared on the left hand of the Trojans, Polydamas endeavours to withdraw them again. This Hector opposes, and continues the attack ; in which, after many actions, Sarpedon makes the first breach in the wall : Hector also casting a stone of a vast size, forces open one of the gates, and enters at the head of his troops, who victoriously pursue the Grecians even to their ships.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST

IN THE YEAR 1649

BOOK XII

THE ARGUMENT

The battle of Marston

The battle of Marston being fought in the year 1649, between the forces of the King and the Parliament, was one of the most important in the history of the civil war. The King's army, commanded by Prince Rupert, was defeated by the Parliamentary forces, which were led by Oliver Cromwell. This battle was a decisive victory for the Parliament, and it led to the execution of King Charles I. The battle of Marston was fought on the 1st of September, 1649, near the town of Marston, in the county of Northampton. The King's army, which consisted of about 10,000 men, was defeated by the Parliamentary forces, which numbered about 8,000 men. The King's army was routed, and many of its men were killed or captured. The Parliamentary forces, on the other hand, were victorious, and they captured many of the King's weapons and supplies. This battle was a turning point in the civil war, and it showed that the Parliamentary forces were now the stronger side. The King's army was never again able to defeat the Parliamentary forces in a conventional battle. The battle of Marston was a decisive victory for the Parliament, and it led to the execution of King Charles I.

B O O K XII.

WHILE thus the hero's pious cares attend
The cure and safety of his wounded friend,
Trojans and Greeks with clashing shields engage,
And mutual deaths are dealt with mutual rage.
Nor long the trench or lofty walls oppose;
With gods averse th' ill-fated works arose;
Their pow'rs neglected, and no victim slain,
The walls were rais'd, the trenches sunk in vain.

Without the gods, how short a period stands
The proudest monument of mortal hands!
This stood, while Hector and Achilles rag'd,
While sacred Troy the warring hosts engag'd;
But when her sons were slain, her city burn'd,
And what surviv'd of Greece to Greece return'd;
Then Neptune and Apollo shook the shore,
Then Ida's summits pour'd their wat'ry store;
Rhesus and Rhodius then unite their rills,
Careus roaring down the stony hills,
Æsepus, Granicus, with mingled force,
And Xanthus foaming from his fruitful source;
And gulphy Simois, rolling to the main
Helmets, and shields, and godlike heroes slain:
These turn'd by Phoebus from their wonted ways,
Delug'd the rampire nine continual days;
The weight of water saps the yielding wall,
And to the sea the floating bulwarks fall.
Incessant cataracts the thund'rer pours,
And half the skies descend in sluicy show'rs,

The god of ocean, marching stern before,
 With his huge trident wounds the trembling shore,
 Vast stones and piles from their foundation heaves,
 And whelms the smoky ruin in the waves.
 Now smooth'd with sand, and levell'd by the flood,
 No fragment tells where once the wonder stood;
 In their old bounds the rivers roll again,
 Shine 'twixt the hills, or wander o'er the plain.

But this the gods in later times perform;
 As yet the bulwark stood, and brav'd the storm;
 The strokes yet echo'd of contending pow'rs;
 War thunder'd at the gates, and blood distain'd the
 tow'rs.

Smote by the arm of Jove, and dire dismay,
 Close by their hollow ships the Grecians lay:
 Hector's approach in every wind they hear,
 And Hector's fury ev'ry moment fear.
 He, like a whirlwind, tofs'd the scatt'ring throng,
 Mingled the troops, and drove the field along.
 So 'midst the dogs and hunter's daring bands,
 Fierce of his might, a boar or lion stands;
 Arm'd foes around a dreadful circle form,
 And hissing jav'lines rain an iron storm:
 His pow'rs untam'd their bold assault defy,
 And where he turns, the rout disperse, or die:
 He foams, he glares, he bounds against them all;
 And if he falls, his courage makes him fall.
 With equal rage encompass'd Hector glows;
 Exhorts his armies, and the trenches shows.
 The panting steeds impatient fury breathe,
 But snort and tremble at the gulf beneath;

Just on the brink they neigh, and paw the ground,
 And the turf trembles, and the skies resound.
 Eager they view'd the prospect dark and deep,
 Vast was the leap, and headlong hung the steep;
 The bottom bare, (a formidable show!)
 And bristled thick with sharpen'd stakes below.
 The foot alone this strong defence could force,
 And try the pass impervious to the horse.
 This saw Polydamas, who, wisely brave,
 Restrain'd great Hector, and this counsel gave.
 O thou, bold leader of our Trojan bands,
 And you, confed'rate chiefs from foreign lands!
 What entrance here can cumb'rous chariots find,
 The stakes beneath, the Grecian walls behind?
 No pass through those, without a thousand wounds;
 No space for combat in yon narrow bounds;
 Proud of the favours mighty Jove has shown,
 On certain dangers we too rashly run:
 If 'tis his will our haughty foes to tame,
 Oh may this instant end the Grecian name!
 Here, far from Argos let their heroes fall,
 And one great day destroy and bury all!
 But should they turn, and here oppress our train,
 What hopes, what methods of retreat remain?
 Wedg'd in the trench, by our own troops confus'd,
 In one promiscuous carnage crush'd and bruis'd,
 All Troy must perish, if their arms prevail,
 Nor shall a Trojan live to tell the tale.
 Hear then, ye warriors! and obey with speed,
 Back from the trenches let your steeds be led;
 Then all alighting, wedg'd in firm array,
 Proceed on foot, and Hector lead the way.

So Greece shall stoop beneath our conqu'ring pow'r,
And this (if Jove consent) her fatal hour.

This counsel pleas'd : The godlike Hector sprung
Swift from his seat ; his clanging armour rung.

The chief's example follow'd by his train,
Each quits his car, and issues on the plain.

By orders strict the charioteers injoin'd,
Compel the courfers to the ranks behind.

The forces part in five distinguish'd bands,
And all obey their sev'ral chiefs commands.

The best and bravest in the first conspire,
Pant for the fight, and threat the fleet with fire :

Great Hector glorious in the van of these,
Polydamas, and brave Cebriones.

Before the next the graceful Paris shines,
And bold Alcathous and Agenor joins.

The sons of Priam with the third appear,
Deiphobus, and Helenus the feer ;

In arms with these the mighty Asius stood,
Who drew from Hyrtacus his noble blood,

And whom Arisba's yellow courfers bore,
The courfers fed on Selle's winding shore.

Antenor's sons the fourth battalion guide,
And great Æneas, born on fountful Ide.

Divine Sarpedon the last band obey'd,
Whom Glaucus and Asteropæus aid.

Next him the bravest at their army's head,
But he more brave than all the hosts he led.

Now with compacted shields in close array,
The moving legions speed their headlong way :

Already in their hopes they fire the fleet,
And see the Grecians gasping at their feet,

While ev'ry Trojan thus, and ev'ry aid,
 Th' advice of wise Polydamas obey'd:
 Asius alone, confiding in his car,
 His vaunted couriers urg'd to meet the war.
 Unhappy hero! and advis'd in vain!
 Those wheels returning ne'er shall mark the plain;
 No more those couriers, with triumphant joy,
 Restore their master to the gates of Troy!
 Black death attends behind the Grecian wall,
 And great Idomeneus shall boast thy fall!
 Fierce to the left he drives, where, from the plain,
 The flying Grecians strove their ships to gain;
 Swift thro' the wall their horse and chariots past,
 The gates half open'd to receive the last.
 Thither, exulting in his force, he flies;
 His following host with clamours rend the skies;
 To plunge the Grecians headlong in the main;
 Such their proud hopes; but all their hopes were vain!

To guard the gates, two mighty chiefs attend,
 Who from the Lapiths warlike race descend;
 This Polypoetes, great Perithous' heir,
 And that Leonteus, like the god of war.
 As two tall oaks before the wall they rise,
 Their roots in earth, their heads amidst the skies;
 Whose spreading arms, with leafy honours crown'd,
 Forbid the tempest, and protect the ground;
 High on the hills appears their stately form,
 And their deep roots for ever brave the storm.
 So graceful these, and so the shock they stand
 Of raging Asius, and his furious band.
 Orestes, Acamas in front appear,
 And Oenomaus and Thoon close the rear;

In vain their clamours shake the ambient fields ;
 In vain around them beat their hollow shields ;
 The fearless brothers on the Grecians call,
 To guard their navies, and defend the wall.
 Ev'n when they saw Troy's sable troops impend,
 And Greece tumultuous from her tow'rs descend,
 Forth from the portals rush'd th' intrepid pair,
 Oppos'd their breasts, and stood themselves the war.
 So two wild boars spring furious from their den,
 Rous'd with the cries of dogs and voice of men ;
 On ev'ry side the crackling trees they tear,
 And root the shrubs, and lay the forest bare ;
 They gnash their tusks, with fire their eye-balls roll,
 Till some wide wound lets out their mighty soul.
 Around their heads the whistling jav'lines sung ;
 With sounding strokes their brazen targets rung ;
 Fierce was the fight, while yet the Grecian pow'rs
 Maintain'd the walls, and mann'd the lofty tow'rs :
 To save their fleet the last efforts they try ;
 And stones and darts in mingled tempests fly.

As when sharp Boreas blows abroad, and brings
 The dreary winter on his frozen wings ;
 Beneath the low-hung clouds the sheets of snow
 Descend, and whiten all the fields below :
 So fast the darts on either army pour ;
 So down the rampires roll the rocky show'r ;
 Heavy and thick resound the batter'd shields,
 And the deaf echo rattles round the fields.

With shame repuls'd, with grief and fury driv'n,
 The frantic Asius thus accuses heav'n :
 In pow'rs immortal who shall now believe !
 Can those too flatter, and can Jove deceive ?

What man could doubt but Troy's victorious pow'r
 Should humble Greece, and this her fatal hour?
 But like when wasps from hollow cranies drive,
 To guard the entrance of their common hive,
 Dark'ning the rock, while with unwearied wings,
 They strike th' assailants, and infix their stings;
 A race determin'd, that to death contend:
 So fierce these Greeks their last retreats defend.
 Gods! shall two warriors only guard their gates,
 Repel an army, and defraud the fates!

These empty accents mingled with the wind,
 Nor mov'd great Jove's unalterable mind:
 To godlike Hector, and his matchless might,
 Was ow'd the glory of the destin'd fight.
 Like deeds of arms thro' all the forts were try'd,
 And all the gates sustain'd an equal tide;
 Thro' the long walls the stony show'rs were heard;
 The blaze of flames, the flash of arms appear'd.
 The spirit of a god my breast inspire,
 To raise each act to life, and sing with fire!
 While Greece unconquer'd kept alive the war,
 Secure of death, confiding in despair;
 And all her guardian gods, in deep dismay,
 With unassisting arms deplor'd the day.

Ev'n yet the dauntless Lapithae maintain
 The dreadful pass, and round them heap the slain.
 First Damafus, by Polypoetes' steel,
 Pierc'd through his helmet's brazen vizor, fell:
 The weapon drank the mingled brains and gore;
 The warrior sinks, tremendous now no more!
 Next Ormenus and Pylon yield their breath;
 Nor less Leonteus strows the fields with death.

First thro' the belt Hippomachus he gor'd,
Then sudden wav'd his unresisted sword :
Antiphates, as thro' the ranks he broke,
The faulchion struck, and fate pursu'd the stroke ;
Iamenus, Orestes, Menon bled ;
And round them rose a monument of dead.

Meantime, the bravest of the Trojan crew,
Bold Hector and Polydamas pursue ;
Fierce with impatience on the works to fall,
And wrap in rolling flames the fleet and wall.
These on the farther bank now stood and gaz'd,
By heav'n alarm'd, by prodigies amaz'd :
A signal omen stopp'd the passing host,
Their martial fury in their wonder lost :
Jove's bird on founding pinions beat the skies ;
A bleeding serpent of enormous size
His talons truss'd ; alive, and curling round,
He stung the bird, whose throat receiv'd the wound :
Mad with the smart, he drops the fatal prey,
In airy circles wings his painful way ;
Floats on the winds, and rends the heav'ns with cries :
Amidst the host the fallen serpent lies.
They, pale with terror, mark its spires unroll'd,
And Jove's portent with beating hearts behold.
Then first Polydamas the silence broke,
Long weigh'd the signal, and to Hector spoke.

How oft, my brother, thy reproach I bear,
For words well meant and sentiments sincere ?
True to those counsels which I judge the best,
I tell the faithful dictates of my breast.
To speak his thoughts is ev'ry freeman's right,
In peace and war, in council and in fight ;

And all I move, deferring to thy sway,
 But tends to raise that pow'r which I obey.
 Then hear my words, nor may my words be vain;
 Seek not this day the Grecian ships to gain;
 For sure to warn us Jove his omen sent,
 And thus my mind explains its clear event.
 The victor eagle, whose sinister flight
 Retards our host, and fills our hearts with fright,
 Dismiss'd his conquest in the middle skies,
 Allow'd to seize, but not possess the prize.
 Thus tho' we gird with fires the Grecian fleet,
 Tho' these proud bulwarks tremble at our fleet,
 Toils unforeseen and fiercer are decreed;
 More woes shall follow, and more heroes bleed.
 So bodes my soul, and bids me thus advise:
 For thus a skilful seer would read the skies.

To him then Hector with disdain return'd;
 (Fierce as he spoke, his eyes with fury burn'd):
 Are these the faithful counsels of thy tongue?
 Thy will is partial, not thy reason wrong:
 Or if the purpose of thy heart thou vent,
 Sure heav'n resumes the little sense it lent.
 What coward counsels would thy madness move
 Against the word, the will reveal'd of Jove?
 The leading sign, th' irrevocable nod,
 And happy thunders of the fav'ring god,
 These shall I slight? and guide my wav'ring mind
 By wand'ring birds, that flit with ev'ry wind?
 Ye vagrants of the sky! your wings extend,
 Or where the suns arise, or where descend;
 To right, to left, unheeded take your way,
 While I the dictates of high heav'n obey.

Without a sign his sword the brave man draws,
 And asks no omen but his country's cause.
 But why shouldst thou suspect the war's success?
 None fears it more, as none promotes it less:
 Though all our chiefs amid yon ships expire,
 'Trust thy own cowardice t' escape their fire.
 Troy and her sons may find a gen'ral grave,
 But thou canst live, for thou canst be a slave.
 Yet should the fears that wary mind suggests
 Spread their cold poison thro' our soldiers breasts,
 My jav'lin can revenge so base a part,
 And free the soul that quivers in thy heart.

Furious he spoke, and, rushing to the wall,
 Calls on his host; his host obey the call;
 With ardour follow where their leader flies:
 Redoubling clamours thunder in the skies.
 Jove breathes a whirlwind from the hills of Ide,
 And drifts of dust the clouded navy hide:
 He fills the Greeks with terror and dismay,
 And gives great Hector the predestin'd day.
 Strong in themselves, but stronger in their aid,
 Close to the works the rigid siege they laid.
 In vain the mounds and massy beams defend,
 While these they undermine, and those they rend;
 Upheave the piles that prop the solid wall;
 And heaps on heaps the smoky ruins fall.
 Greece on her rampart stands the fierce alarms;
 The crouded bulwarks blaze with waving arms;
 Shield touching shield, a long refulgent row,
 Whence hissing darts, incessant, rain below.
 The bold Ajaces fly from tow'r to tow'r,
 And rouse, with flame divine, the Grecian pow'r.

The gen'rous impulse ev'ry Greek obeys ;
Threats urge the fearful, and the valiant, praise.

Fellows in arms ! whose deeds are known to fame,
And you whose ardour hopes an equal name !
Since not alike endu'd with force or art,
Behold a day when each may act his part !
A day to fire the brave, and warm the cold,
To gain new glories, or augment the old.
Urge those who stand ; and those who faint, excite ;
Drown Hector's vaunts in loud exhortations of fight ;
Conquest, not safety, fill the thoughts of all ;
Seek not your fleet, but sally from the wall :
So Jove once more may drive their routed train,
And Troy lie trembling in her walls again.

Their ardour kindles all the Grecian pow'rs ;
And now the stones descend in heavier show'rs,
As when high Jove his sharp artillery forms,
And opes his cloudy magazine of storms ;
In winter's bleak, uncomfortable reign,
A snowy inundation hides the plain ;
He stills the winds, and bids the skies to sleep,
Then pours the silent tempest thick and deep :
And first the mountain tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green fields, and then the sandy shore :
Bent with the weight the nodding woods are seen,
And one bright waste hides all the works of men :
The circling seas alone absorbing all,
Drink the dissolving fleeces as they fall.
So from each side increas'd the stony rain,
And the white ruin rises o'er the plain.

Thus godlike Hector and his troops contend
To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend ;

Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield,
 Till great Sarpedon tow'r'd amid the field;
 For mighty Jove inspir'd with martial flame
 His matchless son, and urg'd him on to fame.
 In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,
 And bears aloft his ample shield in air;
 Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were roll'd,
 Pond'rous with brass, and bound with ductile gold:
 And while two pointed jav'lines arm his hands,
 Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.

So, press'd with hunger, from the mountain's brow
 Descends a lion on the flocks below;
 So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
 In sullen majesty, and stern disdain:
 In vain loud mastives bay him from afar,
 And shepherds gall him with an iron war;
 Regardless, furious, he pursues his way;
 He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.

Resolv'd alike, divine Sarpedon glows
 With gen'rous rage, that drives him on the foes,
 He views the tow'rs, and meditates their fall,
 To sure destruction dooms th' aspiring wall;
 Then casting on his friend an ardent look,
 Fir'd with the thirst of glory, thus he spoke.

Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
 Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain,
 Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
 And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,
 Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,
 Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound!
 Why on these shores are we with joy survey'd,
 Admir'd as heroes, and as gods obey'd!

Unless great acts superior merit prove,
 And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above?
 'Tis ours the dignity they give to grace;
 The first in valour, as the first in place:
 That, when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands
 Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
 Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state,
 Whom those that envy dare not imitate!
 Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
 Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
 For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
 In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.
 But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
 Disease, and death's inexorable doom;
 The life which others pay, let us bestow,
 And give to fame what we to nature owe;
 Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,
 Or let us glory gain or glory give!

He said; his words the list'ning chief inspire
 With equal warmth, and rouse the warrior's fire;
 The troops pursue their leader with delight,
 Rush to the foe, and claim the promis'd fight.
 Menestheus from on high the storm beheld,
 Threat'ning the fort, and black'ning in the field;
 Around the walls he gaz'd, to view from far
 What aid appear'd t' avert th' approaching war,
 And saw where Teucer with th' Ajaces stood,
 Of fight insatiate, prodigal of blood.
 In vain he calls; the din of helms and shields
 Rings to the skies, and echoes thro' the fields;
 The brazen hinges fly, the walls resound,
 Heav'n trembles, roar the mountains, thunders all the
 ground.

Then thus to Thoos :—Hence with speed, (he said),
 And urge the bold Ajaces to our aid ;
 Their strength, united, best may help to bear
 The bloody labours of the doubtful war :
 Hither the Lycian princes bend their course,
 The best and bravest of the hostile force.
 But if too fiercely there the foes contend,
 Let Telamon, at least our tow'rs defend,
 And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,
 To share the danger, and repel the foe.

Swift as the word the herald speeds along
 The lofty ramparts, thro' the martial throng ;
 And finds the heroes bath'd in sweat and gore,
 Oppos'd in combat on the dusty shore.
 Ye valiant leaders of our warlike bands !
 Your aid (said Thoos) Peteus' son demands,
 Your strength, united, best may help to bear
 The bloody labours of the doubtful war :
 Thither the Lycian princes bend their course,
 The best and bravest of the hostile force.
 But if too fiercely, here the foes contend,
 At least, let Telamon those tow'rs defend,
 And Teucer haste with his unerring bow,
 To share the danger, and repel the foe.

Straight to the fort great Ajax turn'd his care,
 And thus bespoke his brothers of the war.
 Now valiant Lycomedes ! exert your might,
 And brave Oileus, prove your force in fight :
 To you I trust the fortune of the field,
 Till by this arm the foe shall be repell'd ;
 That done, expect me to complete the day—
 Then, with his sev'nfold shield, he strode away,

With equal steps bold Teucer press'd the shore,
Whose fatal bow the strong Pandion bore.

High on the walls appear'd the Lycian pow'rs,
Like some black tempest gath'ring round the tow'rs;
The Greeks oppress'd, their utmost force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal fight;
The war renews, mix'd shouts and groans arise;
Tumultuous clamour mounts, and thickens in the skies.
Fierce Ajax first th' advancing host invades,
And sends the brave Epicles to the shades,
Sarpedon's friend; across the warrior's way,
Rent from the walls a rocky fragment lay;
In modern ages not the strongest swain
Could heave th' unwieldy burthen from the plain.
He pois'd, and swung it round; then toss'd on high,
It flew with force, and labour'd up the sky;
Full on the Lycian's helmet thund'ring down,
The pond'rous ruin crush'd his batter'd crown.
As skilful divers from some airy steep,
Headlong descend, and shoot into the deep,
So falls Epicles; then in groans expires,
And murm'ring to the shades the soul retires.

While to the ramparts daring Glaucus drew,
From Teucer's hand a winged arrow flew;
The bearded shaft the destin'd passage found,
And on his naked arm inflicts a wound.
The chief, who fear'd some foe's insulting boast
Might stop the progress of his warlike host,
Conceal'd the wound, and leaping from his height,
Retir'd reluctant from th' unfinish'd fight.
Divine Sarpedon with regret beheld
Disabled Glaucus slowly quit the field;

His beating breast with gen'rous ardour glows,
He springs to fight, and flies upon the foes.
Alcmaon first was doom'd his force to feel;
Deep in his breast he plung'd the pointed steel;
Then, from the yawning wound with fury tore
The spear, pursu'd by gushing streams of gore;
Down sinks the warrior with a thund'ring sound,
His brazen armour rings against the ground.

Swift to the battlement the victor flies,
Tugs with full force, and ev'ry nerve applies;
It shakes; the pond'rous stones disjointed yield;
The rolling ruins smoke along the field.
A mighty breach appears; the walls lie bare;
And, like a deluge, rushes in the war.
At once bold Teucer draws the twanging bow,
And Ajax sends his jav'lin at the foe;
Fix'd in his belt the feather'd weapon stood,
And thro' his buckler drove the trembling wood;
But Jove was present in the dire debate,
To shield his offspring, and avert his fate.
The prince gave back, not meditating flight,
But urging vengeance, and severer fight;
Then rais'd with hope, and fir'd with glory's charms,
His fainting squadrons to new fury warms.
O where, ye Lycians! is the strength you boast?
Your former fame, and ancient virtue lost!
The breach lies open, but your chief in vain
Attempts alone the guarded pass to gain:
Unite, and soon that hostile fleet shall fall;
The force of pow'rful union conquers all.

This just rebuke inflam'd the Lycian crew,
They join, they thicken, and th' assault renew;

Unmov'd th' embody'd Greeks their fury dare,
 And fix'd support the weight of all the war;
 Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian pow'rs,
 Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian tow'rs.
 As on the confines of adjoining grounds,
 Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their bounds;
 They tug, they sweat; but neither gain, nor yield,
 One foot, one inch, of the contended field:
 Thus obstinate to death, they fight, they fall;
 Nor these can keep, nor those can win the wall.
 Their manly breasts are pierc'd with many a wound,
 Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound;
 The copious slaughter covers all the shore,
 And the high ramparts drop with human gore.

As when two scales are charg'd with doubtful loads,
 From side to side the trembling balance nods,
 (While some laborious matron, just and poor,
 With nice exactness weighs her woolly store),
 Till pois'd aloft, the resting beam suspends
 Each equal weight; nor this, nor that descends:
 So stood the war, till Hector's matchless might,
 With fates prevailing turn'd the scale of fight.
 Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
 And fires his host with loud repeated cries.
 Advance, ye Trojans! lend your valiant hands!
 Haste to the fleet, and toss the blazing brands!
 They hear, they run; and gath'ring at his call,
 Raise scaling engines, and ascend the wall:
 Around the works a wood of glitt'ring spears
 Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.
 A pond'rous stone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
 Pointed above, and rough and gross below:

Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,
 Such men as live in these degen'rate days.
 Yet this, as easy as a swain could bear
 The snowy fleece, he tofs'd, and shook in air :
 For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its load
 Th' unwieldy rock, the labour of a god.
 Thus arm'd, before the folded gates he came,
 Of massy substance, and stupendous frame ;
 With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,
 On lofty beams of solid timber hung :
 Then thund'ring thro' the planks with forceful sway,
 Drives the sharp rock ; the solid beams give way ;
 The folds are shatter'd ; from the crackling door
 Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.
 Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,
 Gloomy as night ! and shakes two shining spears :
 A dreadful gleam from his bright armour came,
 And from his eye-balls flash'd the living flame.
 He moves a god, resistless in his course,
 And seems a match for more than mortal force.
 Then pouring after, thro' the gaping space,
 A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place :
 The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly ;
 The shore is heap'd with death, and tumult rends the

sky.

THE
ILLIAD.

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The fourth battle continued, in which Neptune assists the
Greeks : The acts of Idomeneus.*

Neptune, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector, who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaces, assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him : Then, in the form of one of the generals, encourages the other Greeks who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaces form their troops in a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed. Meriones, losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus : This occasions a conversation between those two warriors, who return together to the battle, Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest ; he kills Othryoneus, Asius, and Alcathous. Deiphobus and Æneas march against him ; and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus, and kills Pyfander. The Trojans are repulsed in

the left wing. Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaces; till, being galled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war. Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; upbraids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight and twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

B O O K X I I I .

WHEN now the Thund'rer on the sea-beat coast
 Had fix'd great Hector and his conqu'ring host ;
 He left them to the fates, in bloody fray
 To toil and struggle thro' the well-fought day.
 Then turn'd to Thracia, from the field of fight,
 Those eyes that shed insufferable light,
 To where the Mysians prove their martial force,
 And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse ;
 And where the far-fam'd Hippemolgian strays,
 Renown'd for justice and for length of days ;
 Thrice happy race ! that, innocent of blood,
 From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food :
 Jove sees delighted ; and avoids the scene
 Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men :
 No aid, he deems, to either host is giv'n,
 While his high law suspends the pow'rs of heav'n.

Mean time the monarch * of the wat'ry main
 Observ'd the Thund'rer, nor observ'd in vain.
 In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
 Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
 He sat ; and round him cast his azure eyes,
 Where Ida's misty tops confus'dly rise ;
 Below, fair Ilion's glitt'ring spires were seen ;
 The croud'd ships, and sable seas between.
 There, from the chrystal chambers of the main,
 Emerg'd, he sat, and mourn'd his Argives slain.

H 2

• Neptune.

At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,
 Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along;
 Fierce as he pass'd, the lofty mountains nod,
 The forests shake! earth trembled as he trod,
 And felt the footsteps of th' immortal god.
 From realm to realm three ample strides he took,
 And, at the fourth, the distant Ægae hook.

Far in the bay his shining palace stands,
 Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands;
 This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he reins,
 Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
 Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
 Immortal arms, of adamant and gold.
 He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
 He sits superior, and the chariot flies:
 His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep:
 Th' enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep,
 Gambol around him on the wat'ry way;
 And heavy whales in awkward measures play:
 The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
 Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
 The parting waves before his couriers fly:
 The wond'ring waters leave his axle dry.

Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave;
 Between where Tenedos the surges lave,
 And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:
 There the great ruler of the azure round
 Stopt his swift chariot, and his steeds unbound,
 Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand,
 And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,
 Infrangible, immortal: There they stay,
 The father of the floods pursues his way;

Where, like a tempest, darkning heav'n around,
 Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,
 Th' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
 Embattled roll'd, as Hector rush'd along.
 To the loud tumult and the barb'rous cry,
 The heav'ns re-echo, and the shores reply :
 They vow destruction to the Grecian name,
 And in their hopes the fleets already flame.

But Neptune, rising from the seas profound,
 The god whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,
 Now wears a mortal form ; like Calchas seen,
 Such his loud voice and such his manly mien ;
 His shouts incessant ev'ry Greek inspire,
 But most th' Ajaces, adding fire to fire.

'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raise ;
 Oh recollect your ancient worth and praise ;
 'Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear ;
 Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.
 On other works tho' Troy with fury fall,
 And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall ;
 There, Greece has strength : But this, this part o'er-
 thrown,

Her strength were vain ; I dread for you alone.
 Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
 Vaunts of his gods, and calls high Jove his fire.
 If yet some heav'nly pow'r your breast excite,
 Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to fight,
 Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet maintain ;
 And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain.

Then with his sceptre that the deep controuls,
 He touch'd the chiefs, and steel'd their manly souls :

Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
Prompts their light limbs, and swells their daring
hearts.

Then as a falcon from the rocky height,
Her quarry seen, impetuous at the sight
Forth-springing instant, darts herself from high,
Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky:
Such, and so swift, the pow'r of ocean flew;
The wide horizon shut him from their view.

Th' inspiring God, Oileus' active son,
Perceiv'd the first, and thus to Telamon:

Some god, my friend, some god in human form,
Fav'ring descends, and wills to stand the storm.
Not Calchas this, the venerable seer;
Short as he turn'd, I saw the pow'r appear:
I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trod;
His own bright evidence reveals a god.
Ev'n now some energy divine I share,
And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air!

With equal ardour, Telamon returns,
My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns;
New rising spirits all my force alarm,
Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart;
The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;
Singly methinks, yon tow'ring chief I meet,
And stretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.

Full of the god that urg'd their burning breast,
The heroes thus, their mutual warmth express.
Neptune meanwhile the routed Greeks inspir'd;
Who breathless, pale, with length of labours tir'd,

Pant in the ships; while Troy to conquest calls,
 And swarms victorious o'er their yielding walls :
 Trembling before th' impending storm they lie,
 While tears of rage stand burning in their eye.
 Greece sunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;
 But breathe new courage as they feel the pow'r.
 Teucer and Leitus first his words excite;
 Then stern Penelios rises to the fight;
 Thoas, Deipyrus, in arms renown'd,
 And Merion next, th' impulsive fury found;
 Last Nestor's son the same bold ardour takes,
 While thus the god the martial fire awakes.

Oh lasting infamy ! oh dire disgrace
 To chiefs of vig'rous youth, and manly race !
 I trusted in the gods, and you, to see
 Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free :
 Ah no—the glorious combat you disclaim,
 And one black day clouds all her former fame.
 Heav'ns ! what a prodigy these eyes survey,
 Unseen, unthought, till this amazing day !
 Fly we at length from Troy's oft-conquer'd bands ?
 And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands ?
 A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train,
 Not born to glories of the dusty plain ;
 Like frightened fawns from hill to hill pursu'd,
 A prey to ev'ry savage of the wood :
 Shall these, so late who trembled at your name,
 Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame ?
 A change so shameful, say, what cause has wrought ?
 The soldier's baseness, or the general's fault ?
 Fools ! will ye perish for your leader's vice ;
 The purchase infamy, and life the price ?

'Tis not your cause, Achilles' injur'd fame:
 Another's is the crime, but your's the shame.
 Grant that our chief offend thro' rage or lust,
 Must you be cowards, if your king's unjust?
 Prevent this evil, and your country save:
 Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave.
 Think, and subdue! on dastards dead to fame
 I waste no anger, for they feel no shame:
 But you, the pride, the flow'r of all our host,
 My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost!
 Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose;
 A day more black, a fate more vile, ensues.
 Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,
 On endless infamy, on instant death.
 For lo! the fated time, th' appointed shore;
 Hark! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar!
 Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;
 The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall!

These words the Grecians fainting hearts inspire,
 And list'ning armies catch the godlike fire.
 Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found,
 With well-rang'd squadrons strongly circled round:
 So close their order, so dispos'd their fight,
 As Pallas' self might view with fix'd delight;
 Or had the god of war inclin'd his eyes,
 The god of war had own'd a just surprise,
 A chosen phalanx, firm, resolv'd as fate,
 Descending Hector and his battle wait.
 An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields,
 Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields,
 Spears lean on spears, targets on targets throng,
 Helm stuck to helms, and man drove man along.

The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
 As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove;
 And level'd at the skies with pointing rays,
 Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.

Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
 The close-compacted legions urg'd their way:
 Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;
 Troy charg'd the first, and Hector first of Troy.
 As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
 A rock's round fragment flies, with fury born,
 (Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends),
 Precipitate the pond'rous mass descends:
 From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds;
 At ev'ry shock the crackling wood resounds;
 Still gath'ring force, it smokes; and, urg'd amain,
 Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the
 plain:

There stops—So Hector. Their whole force he prov'd,
 Resistless when he rag'd, and when he stopt, unmov'd.

On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,
 And all their faulchions wave around his head:
 Repuls'd he stands, nor from his stand retires;
 But with repeated shouts his army fires.

Trojans! be firm; this arm shall make your way
 Through yon square body, and that black array:
 Stand, and my spear shall rout their scatt'ring pow'r,
 Strong as they seem, embattled like a tow'r:
 For he that Juno's heav'nly bosom warms,
 The first of gods, this day inspires our arms.

He said, and rous'd the soul in ev'ry breast;
 Urg'd with desire of fame, beyond the rest,

Forth march'd Deiphobus; but, marching held
 Before his wary steps his ample shield.
 Bold Merion aim'd a stroke, (nor aim'd it wide;)
 The glitt'ring jav'lin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;
 But pierc'd not through: Unfaithful to his hand,
 The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.
 The Trojan warrior, touch'd with timely fear,
 On the rais'd orb to distance bore the spear:
 The Greek retreating, mourn'd his frustrate blow,
 And curs'd the treach'rous lance that spar'd a foe;
 Then to the ships with furly speed he went,
 To seek a surer jav'lin in his tent.

Meanwhile with rising rage the battle glows,
 The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
 By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
 The son of Mentor, rich in gen'rous steeds.
 Ere yet to Troy the sons of Greece were led,
 In fair Pedaeus' verdant pastures bred,
 The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,
 And bless'd in bright Medesicaste's arms:
 (This nymph, the fruit of Priam's ravish'd joy,
 Ally'd the warrior to the house of Troy).
 To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came,
 And match'd the bravest of her sons in fame:
 With Priam's sons, a guardian of the throne,
 He liv'd, lov'd and honour'd as his own.
 Him Tencer pierc'd between the throat and ear;
 He groans beneath the Telamonian spear.
 As from some far-seen mountain's airy crown,
 Subdu'd by steel, a tall ash tumbles down,
 And foils its verdant tresses on the ground:
 So falls the youth; his arms the fall resound.

Then Teucer rushing to despoil the dead,
 From Hector's hand a shining jav'lin fled:
 He saw, and shunn'd the death; the forceful dart
 Sung on, and pierc'd Amphimachus's heart,
 Cteatus' son, of Neptune's forceful line;
 Vain was his courage and his race divine!
 Prostrate he falls; his clanging arms resound,
 And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
 To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,
 And just had fasten'd on the dazzling prize,
 When Ajax' manly arm a jav'lin flung;
 Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung;
 He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel,
 Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel,
 Repuls'd he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
 The spoils contested, and bear off the slain:
 Between the leaders of th' Athenian line,
 (Stichius the brave, Menestheus the divine),
 Deplor'd Amphimachus, sad object! lies;
 Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.
 As two grim lions bear across the lawn,
 Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd fawn,
 In their fell jaws high-lifting through the wood,
 And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood;
 So these the chief: Great Ajax from the dead
 Strips his bright arms, Oileus lops his head:
 Toss'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
 At Hector's feet the gory visage lay.

The god of ocean, fir'd with stern disdain,
 And pierc'd with sorrow for his grandson slain,
 Inspires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,
 And breathes destruction on the Trojan bands.

Swift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet,
 He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete;
 His pensive brow the gen'rous care exprest
 With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast,
 Whom in the chance of war a jav'lin tore,
 And his sad comrades from the battle bore;
 Him to the surgeons of the camp he sent;
 That office paid, he issu'd from his tent
 Fierce for the fight; to whom the god begun,
 In Thoa's voice, Andraemon's valiant son,
 Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks arise,
 And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the skies.

Where now th' imperious vaunt, the daring boast
 Of Greece victorious, and proud Ilion lost!
 To whom the king, On Greece no blame be thrown,
 Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
 Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
 Nor fear with-holds, nor shameful sloth detains.
 'Tis heav'n, alas! and Jove's all-pow'rful doom,
 That far, far distant from our native home
 Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh my friend!
 Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend
 Or arms, or counsels; now perform thy best,
 And what thou canst not singly, urge the rest.

Thus he; and thus the god, whose force can make
 The solid globe's eternal basis shake;
 Ah! never may he see his native land,
 But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,
 Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay,
 Nor dares to combat on this signal day!
 For this, behold, in horrid arms I shine,
 And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine;

Together let us battle on the plain,
 Two not the worst, nor even this succour vain :
 Not vain the weakest, if their force unite ;
 But ours the bravest have confess'd in fight.

This said, he rushes where the combat burns :
 Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns.
 From thence, two jav'lines glitt'ring in his hand,
 And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand,
 Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove,
 Like lightning bursting from the arm of Jove ;
 Which to pale man the wrath of heav'n declares,
 Or terrifies th' offending world with wars ;
 In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,
 From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
 Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
 Gleam'd dreadful as the monarch flash'd along.

Him, near his tent, Meriones attends,
 Whom thus he questions : Ever best of friends !
 O say, in ev'ry art of battle skill'd,
 What holds thy courage from so brave a field ?
 On some important message art thou bound,
 Or bleeds my friend by some unhappy wound ?
 Inglorious here my soul abhors to stay,
 And glows with prospects of th' approaching day.

O prince ! (Meriones replies), whose care
 Leads forth th' embattled sons of Crete to war ;
 This speaks my grief ; this headless lance I wield ;
 The rest lies rooted in a Trojan shield.

To whom the Cretan : Enter, and receive
 The wanted weapons ; those my tent can give :
 Spears I have store, (and Trojan lances all),
 That shed a lustre round th' illumin'd wall.

Though I, disdainful of the distant war,
 Nor trust the dart, nor aim th' uncertain spear.
 Yet hand to hand I fight, and spoil the slain ;
 And thence these trophies and these arms I gain.
 Enter, and see on heaps the helmets roll'd,
 And high-hung spears, and shields that flame with
 gold.

Nor vain, (said Merion), are our martial toils ;
 We two can boast of no ignoble spoils.
 But these my ship contains ; whence, distant far,
 I fight conspicuous in the van of war.

What need I more ? If any Greek there be
 Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.

To this Idomeneus : The fields of fight
 Have prov'd thy valour and unconquer'd might ;
 And, were some ambush for the foes design'd,
 Ev'n there thy courage would not lag behind :
 In that sharp service, singled from the rest,
 The fear of each, or valour, stands confest.
 No force, no firmness, the pale coward shows ;
 He shifts his place ; his colour comes and goes ;
 A dropping sweat creeps cold on ev'ry part ;
 Against his bosom beats his quiv'ring heart ;
 Terror and death in his wild eye-balls stare ;
 With chatt'ring teeth he stands, and stiff'ning hair, }
 And looks a bloodless image of despair !
 Not so the brave—still dauntless, still the same,
 Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame ;
 Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
 And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die :
 If aught disturb'd the tenor of his breast,
 'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.

In such essays thy blameless worth is known,
 And ev'ry art of dang'rous war thy own.
 By chance of fight, whatever wounds you bore,
 Those wounds were glorious all, and all before;
 Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight
 T' oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight.
 But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
 Stand we to talk, when honour calls to arms!
 Go—from my conquer'd spears the choicest take,
 And to their honours send them nobly back.

Swift as the word bold Merion snatch'd a spear,
 And, breathing slaughter, follow'd to the war.
 So Mars armipotent invades the plain,
 (The wide destroyer of the race of man),
 Terror, his best lov'd son, attends his course,
 Arm'd with stern boldness and enormous force;
 The pride of haughty warriors to confound,
 And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground:
 From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
 Of warring Phlegyans and Ephyrian arms;
 Invok'd by both, relentless they dispose
 To these glad conquest, murd'rous rout to those.
 So march'd the leaders of the Cretan train,
 And their bright arms shot horror o'er the plain.

Then first spake Merion: Shall we join the right,
 Or combat in the center of the fight?
 Or to the left our wanted succour lend?
 Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.
 Not in the center, Idomen reply'd,
 Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide;
 Each godlike Ajax makes that post his care,
 And gallant Teucer deals destruction there:

Skill'd, or with shafts to gall the distant field,
 Or bear close battle on the sounding shield.
 These can the rage of haughty Hector tame;
 Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame;
 Till Jove himself descends, his bolts to shed,
 And hurl the brazen ruin on our head.
 Great must he be, of more than human birth,
 Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
 Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,
 Whom Ajax fells not on the th' ensanguin'd ground.
 In standing fight he mates Achilles' force;
 Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course.
 Then to the left our ready arms apply,
 And live with glory, or with glory die.

He said; and Merion to th' appointed place,
 Fierce as the god of battles, urg'd his pace.
 Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld
 Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
 Their force embody'd in a tide they pour;
 The rising combat sounds along the shore.
 As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,
 From diff'rent quarters sweep the sandy plain;
 On ev'ry side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
 And the dry fields are lifted to the skies:
 Thus by despair, hope, rage, together driv'n,
 Met the black hosts, and, meeting, darken'd heav'n.
 All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,
 Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;
 Dire was the gleam of breastplates, helms, and shields,
 And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields:
 Tremendous scene! that gen'ral horror gave,
 But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave.

Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vy'd,
 And crouds of heroes in their anger dy'd.
 The fire of earth and heav'n, by Thetis won,
 To crown with glory Peleus' godlike son,
 Will'd not destruction to the Grecian pow'rs,
 But spar'd a while the destin'd Trojan tow'rs :
 While Neptune, rising from his azure main,
 Warr'd on the king of heav'n with stern disdain,
 And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train,
 Gods of one source, of one ethereal race,
 Alike divine, and heav'n their native place ;
 But Jove the greater, first-born of the skies,
 And more than men, or gods, supremely wise.
 For this, of Jove's superior might afraid,
 Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.
 These pow'rs infold the Greek and Trojan train
 In War and Discord's adamant chain,
 Indissolubly strong ; the fatal tie
 Is stretch'd on both, and, close-compell'd, they die.

Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey,
 The bold Idomeneus controuls the day.
 First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,
 Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain !
 Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
 From high Caphesus' distant walls he came ;
 Cassandra's love he fought with boasts of pow'r,
 And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dow'r.
 The king consented, by his vaunts abus'd ;
 The king consented, but the fates refus'd.
 Proud of himself, and of th' imagin'd bride,
 The field he measur'd with a larger stride.

Him, as he stalk'd, the Cretan jav'lin found :
 Vain was his breast-plate to repel the wound :
 His dream of glory lost, he plung'd to hell :
 His arms resounded as the boaster fell.

The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead ;
 And thus, (he cries), behold thy promise sped !
 Such is the help thy arms to Ilion bring,
 And such the contract of the Phrygian king !
 Our offers now, illustrious prince ! receive ;
 For such an aid what will not Argos give ?
 To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
 And count Atrides' fairest daughter thine.
 Meantime, on farther methods to advise,
 Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies ;
 There hear what Greece has on her part to say.
 He spoke, and dragg'd the gory corse away.

This Asius view'd, unable to contain,
 Before his chariot warring on the plain ;
 (His valu'd courfers to his squire consign'd,
 Impatient panted on his neck behind) ;
 To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,
 He hop'd the conquest of the Cretan king.
 The wary Cretan, as the foe drew near,
 Full on his throat discharg'd the forceful spear :
 Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide,
 And glitter'd, extant at the farther side.
 As when the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,
 Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
 Groans to the oft-heav'd-axe, with many a wound,
 Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground :
 So sunk proud Asius in that dreadful day,
 And stretch'd before his much-lov'd courfers lay.

He grinds the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
 And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the shore.
 Depriv'd of motion, stiff with stupid fear,
 Stands all aghast his trembling charioteer;
 Nor shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away,
 But falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey:
 Pierc'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath
 The stately car, and labours out his breath.
 Thus Asius' steeds, (their mighty master gone),
 Remain the prize of Nestor's valiant son.
 Stabb'd at the sight, Deiphobus drew neigh,
 And made with force the vengeful weapon fly.
 The Cretan saw, and, stooping, caus'd to glance
 From his slop shield, the disappointed lance.
 Beneath his spacious targe, (a blazing round,
 Thick with bull-hides, and brazen orbits bound,
 On his rais'd arm by two strong braces stay'd),
 He lay collected in defensive shade;
 O'er his safe head the jav'lin idly sung,
 And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
 Ev'n then the spear the vig'rous arm confest,
 And pierc'd obliquely king Hypsenor's breast:
 Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
 The chief, his people's guardian now no more.

Not unattended, (the proud Trojan cries),
 Nor unreveng'd, lamented Asius lies:
 For thee, though hell's black portals stand display'd,
 This mate shall joy thy melancholy shade.

Heart-piercing anguish, at the haughty boast,
 Touch'd ev'ry Greek, but Nestor's son the most.
 Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
 And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd friend;

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Heart-piercing anguish, at the haughty boast,
 Touch'd ev'ry Greek, but Nestor's son the most.
 Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
 And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd friend;

Till sad Mecisteus and Alastor bore
His honour'd body to the tented shore.

Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws;
Resolv'd to perish in his country's cause,
Or find some foe whom heav'n and he shall doom
To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.
He sees Alcathous in the front aspire;
Great Æsyetes was the hero's fire;
His spouse Hippodame, divinely fair,
Anchises' eldest hope, and darling care;
Who charm'd her parents and her husband's heart,
With beauty, sense, and ev'ry work of art.
He once, of Ilion's youth, the loveliest boy,
The fairest she of all the fair of Troy.
By Neptune now the hapless hero dies,
Who covers with a cloud those beauteous eyes,
And fetters ev'ry limb: Yet bent to meet
His fate he stands, nor shuns the lance of Crete.
Fix'd as some column, or deep-rooted oak,
(While the winds sleep) his breast receiv'd the stroke.
Before the pond'rous stroke his corslet yields,
Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
The riven armour sends a jarring sound;
His lab'ring heart heaves with so strong a bound,
The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound;
Fast-flowing from its source, as prone he lay,
Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.

Then Idomen, insulting o'er the slain;
Behold, Deiphobus! nor vaunt in vain;
See! on one Greek three Trojan ghosts attend,
This, my third victim, to the shades I send.

Approaching now, thy boasted might approve,
 And try the prowess of the seed of Jove.
 From Jove, enamour'd on a mortal dame,
 Great Minos, guardian of his country, came :
 Deucalion, blameless prince ! was Minos' heir ;
 His first born I, the third from Jupiter :
 O'er spacious Crete, and her bold sons I reign,
 And thence my ships transport me through the main :
 Lord of a host, o'er all my host I shine,
 And scourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.

The Trojan heard ; uncertain or to meet
 Alone, with vent'rous arms, the king of Crete ;
 Or seek auxiliar force : At length decreed
 To call some hero to partake the deed.
 Forthwith Æneas rises to his thought ;
 For him, in Troy's remotest lines, he fought ;
 Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, stands,
 And sees superior posts in meaner hands.
 To him, ambitious of so great an aid,
 The bold Deiphobus approach'd, and said :

Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,
 If e'er thy bosom felt fair honour's charms.
 Alcathous dies, thy brother and thy friend !
 Come, and the warrior's lov'd remains defend.
 Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
 One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
 This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe ;
 Haste and revenge it on th' insulting foe.

Æneas heard, and for a space resign'd
 To tender pity all his manly mind ;
 Then rising in his rage, he burns to fight :
 The Greek awaits him, with collected might.

As the fell boar on some rough mountain's head,
 Arm'd with wild terrors, and to slaughter bred,
 When the loud rustics rise, and shout from far,
 Attends the tumult, and expects the war;
 O'er his bent back the bristly horrors rise,
 Fires stream in lightning from his sanguine eyes,
 His foaming tusks both dogs and men engage,
 But most his hunters rouse his mighty rage:
 So stood Idomeneus, his jav'lin shook,
 And met the Trojan with a lowering look.
 Antilochus, Deipyrus were near,
 The youthful offspring of the god of war.
 Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd:
 To these the warrior sent his voice around.
 Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;
 Lo! great Æneas rushes to the fight:
 Sprung from a god, and more than mortal bold;
 He fresh in youth, and I in arms grown old.
 Else should this hand, this hour, decide the strife,
 The great dispute, of glory, or of life.

He spoke; and all as with one soul obey'd:
 Their lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade
 Around the chief. Æneas too demands
 Th' assisting forces of his native bands:
 Paris, Deiphobus, Agenor join,
 (Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line);
 In order follow all th' embody'd train;
 Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain;
 Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
 Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold:
 With joy the swain surveys them, as he leads
 To the cool fountains, through the well-known meads.

So joys Æneas, as his native band
Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land.

Round dead Alcathous now the battle rose;
On ev'ry side the steely circle grows;
Now batter'd breast-plates and hack'd helmets ring,
And o'er their heads unheeded jav'lines sing.
Above the rest, two tow'ring chiefs appear,
There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.
Like gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood,
And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.
The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,
The Cretan saw, and shunn'd the brazen spear:
Sent from an arm so strong, the missive wood
Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.
But Oenomas receiv'd the Cretan's stroke,
The forceful spear his hollow corset broke;
It ripp'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
And roll'd the smoking entrails to the ground.
Stretch'd on the plain he sobs away his breath,
And furious grasps the bloody dust in death.
The victor from his breast the weapon tears;
(His spoils he could not for the show'r of spears).
Though now unfit an active war to wage,
Heavy with cumb'rous arms, stiff with cold age,
His listless limbs unable for the course;
In standing fight he yet maintains his force;
Till faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,
His tir'd, slow steps, he drags from off the field.

Deiphobus beheld him as he past,
And, fir'd with heat, a parting jav'lin cast:
The jav'lin err'd, but held its course along,
And pierces Ascalaphus the brave and young;

The son of Mars fell gasping on the ground,
And gnash'd the dust all bloody with his wound.

Nor knew the furious father of his fall;
High-thron'd amidst the great Olympian hall,
On golden clouds th' immortal synod sat;
Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.

Now, where in dust the breathless hero lay,
For slain Ascalaphus commenc'd the fray.

Deiphobus to seize his helmet flies,
And from his temples rends the glitt'ring prize:

Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
And on his loaded arm discharg'd his spear:

He drops the weight, disabled with the pain;
The hollow helmet rings against the plain.

Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,

From his torn arm the Grecian rent away

The reeking jav'lin, and rejoin'd his friends.

His wounded brother good Polites tends;

Around his waist his pious arms he threw,

And from the rage of combat gently drew:

Him his swift courfers, on his splendid car,

Rapt from the less'ning thunder of the war;

To Troy they drove him, groaning from the shore,

And sprinkling, as he past, the sands with gore.

Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the sanguine
ground,

Heaps fall on heaps, and heav'n and earth resound.

Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled;

As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head,

He pierc'd his throat; the bending head, deprest

Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breast;

His shield revers'd o'er the fall'n warrior lies ;
 And everlasting slumber seals his eyes.
 Antilochus, as Thoon turn'd him round,
 Transpierc'd his back with a dishonest wound ;
 The hollow vein that to the neck extends
 Along the chine, his eager jav'lin rends :
 Supine he falls, and to his social train
 Spreads his imploring arms, but spreads in vain.
 Th' exulting victor, leaping where he lay,
 From his broad shoulders tore the spoils away ;
 His time observ'd ; for, clos'd by foes around,
 On all sides thick the peals of arms resound.
 His shield emboss'd the ringing storms sustains,
 But he impervious and untouch'd remains ;
 (Great Neptune's care preserv'd from hostile rage
 This youth, the joy of Nestor's glorious age).
 In arms intrepid, with the first he fought,
 Fac'd ev'ry foe, and ev'ry danger fought :
 His winged lance, resistless as the wind,
 Obeys each motion of the master's mind ;
 Rattleless it flies, impatient to be free,
 And meditates the distant enemy.
 The son of Asius, Adamas, drew near,
 And struck his target with the brazen spear,
 Fierce in his front ; but Neptune wards the blow,
 And blunts the jav'lin of th' eluded foe.
 In the broad buckler half the weapon stood ;
 Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
 Disarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew ;
 But Merion's spear o'ertook him as he flew :

Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
 Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound. }
 Bending he fell, and doubled to the ground,
 Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,
 While death's strong pangs distend his lab'ring side,
 His bulk enormous on the field displays;
 His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life decays.
 The spear, the conqu'ror from his body drew,
 And death's dim shadows swam before his view.
 Next brave Deipyrus in dust was laid;
 King Helenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,
 And smote his temples with an arm so strong,
 The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:
 There, for some luckier Greek it rests a prize,
 For dark in death the godlike owner lies!
 Raging with grief great Menelaus burns,
 And, fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;
 That shook the pond'rous lance, in act to throw,
 And this stood adverse with the bended bow:
 Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell,
 But harmless bounded from the plated steel.
 As on some ample barn's well-harden'd floor,
 (The winds collected at each open door),
 While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
 Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the
 ground:
 So from the steel that guards Atrides' heart,
 Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.
 Atrides, watchful of th' unwary foe,
 Pierc'd with his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow,
 And nail'd it to the yew: The wounded hand
 Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the sand:

But good Agenor gently from the wound
 The spear solicits, and the bandage bound ;
 A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
 At once the tent and ligature supply'd.
 Behold ! Pisander, urg'd by fate's decree,
 Springs through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
 Great Menelaus ! to enhance thy fame,
 High tow'ring in the front the warrior came.
 First the sharp lance was by Atrides thrown ;
 The lance far distant by the winds was blown.
 Nor pierc'd Pisander through Atrides' shield ;
 Pisander's spear fell shiver'd on the field.
 Not so discourag'd, to the future blind,
 Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind ;
 Dauntless he rushes where the Spartan lord
 Like lightning brandish'd his far-beaming sword.
 His left arm high oppos'd the shining shield :
 His right, beneath, the cover'd pole-ax held ;
 (An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
 Distinct with studs ; and brazen was the blade) :
 This on the helm discharg'd a noble blow ;
 The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below,
 Shorn from the crest. Atrides wav'd his steel :
 Deep through his front the weighty faulchion fell ;
 The crashing bones before its force gave way ;
 In dust and blood the groaning hero lay :
 Forc'd from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore,
 The clotted eye-balls tumble on the shore.
 The fierce Atrides spurn'd him as he bled,
 Tore off his arms, and, loud exulting, said :
 Thus Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear ;
 O race perfidious, who delight in war !

Already noble deeds you have perform'd,
 A princess rap'd transcends a navy storm'd;
 In such bold feats your impious might approve,
 Without th' assistance, or the fear of Jove.
 Th' violated rites, the ravish'd dame,
 Our heroes slaughter'd, and our ships on flame,
 Crimes heap'd on crimes, shall bend your glory down,
 And whelm in ruins yon flagitious town.
 O thou, great father! lord of earth and skies,
 Above the thought of man, supremely wise!
 If from thy hand the fates of mortals flow,
 From whence this favour to an impious foe,
 A godless crew, abandon'd and unjust,
 Still breathing rapine, violence, and lust?
 The best of things beyond their measure cloy;
 Sleep's balmy blessing, love's endearing joy:
 The feast, the dance; whate'er mankind desire,
 Ev'n the sweet charms of sacred numbers tire.
 But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight,
 In thirst of slaughter, and in lust of fight.

Thus said, he seiz'd (while yet the carcase heav'd)
 The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd:
 Then sudden mix'd among the warring crew,
 And the bold son of Pylaemenes flew.
 Harpalion had through Asia travell'd far,
 Following his martial father to the war:
 Through filial love he left his native shore,
 Never, ah never, to behold it more!
 His unsuccessful spear he chanc'd to fling
 Against the target of the Spartan king;
 Thus of his lance disarm'd, from death he flies,
 And turns around his apprehensive eyes.

Him, through the hip transpiercing as he fled,
 The shaft of Merion mingled with the dead.
 Beneath the bone the glancing point descends,
 And driving down, the swelling bladder rends :
 Sunk in his sad companion's arms he lay,
 And in short pantings sobb'd his soul away ;
 (Like some vile worm extended on the ground),
 While life's red torrent gush'd from out the wound.

Him on his car the Paphlagonian train
 In slow procession bore from off the plain.
 The pensive father, father now no more !
 Attends the mournful pomp along the shore ;
 And unavailing tears profusely shed,
 And, unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.

Paris from far the moving sight beheld,
 With pity soften'd, and with fury swell'd :
 His honour'd host, a youth of matchless grace,
 And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race !
 With his full strength he bent his angry bow,
 And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
 A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
 For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
 Who held his seat in Corinth's stately town ;
 Polydus' son, a peer of old renown.
 Oft had the father told his early doom,
 By arms abroad, or slow disease at home :
 He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,
 And chose the certain, glorious path to death.
 Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went ;
 The soul came issuing at the narrow vent :
 His limbs, unnerv'd, drop useless on the ground,
 And everlasting darkness shades him round.

Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield,
 (Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field);
 Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
 And conquest hovers o'er th' Achaian bands;
 With such a tide superior virtue sway'd,
 And he that shakes the solid earth, gave aid.
 But in the center Hector fix'd remain'd,
 Where first the gates were forc'd, and bulwarks gain'd;
 There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
 (Their naval station where the Ajaces keep,
 And where low walls confine the beating tides,
 Whose humble barrier scarce the foes divides;
 Where late in fight both horse and foot engag'd,
 And all the thunder of the battle rag'd);
 There join'd the whole Boeotian strength remains,
 The proud Ionians with their sweeping trains,
 Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epeian force;
 But join'd, repel not Hector's fiery course.
 The flow'r of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led;
 Bias, and great Menestheus at their head.
 Meges the strong th' Epeian bands controll'd,
 And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold;
 The Phthians Medon, fam'd for martial might,
 And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
 This drew from Phylacus his noble line;
 Iphiclus' son; and that, Oileus, thine;
 (Young Ajax' brother, by a stol'n embrace;
 He dwelt far distant from his native place;
 By his fierce stepdame from his father's reign
 Expell'd and exil'd, for her brother slain.)
 These rule the Phthians, and their arms employ,
 Mix'd with Boeotians, on the shores of Troy.

Now side by side, with like unweary'd care,
 Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war.
 So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
 Force the bright ploughshare thro' the fallow soil;
 Join'd to one yoke, the stubborn earth they tear,
 And trace large furrows with the shining share;
 O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in snow,
 And streams of sweat down their four foreheads flow.
 A train of heroes follow'd through the field,
 Who bore by turns great Ajax' sev'n-fold shield;
 Whene'er he breath'd, remissive of his might,
 Tir'd with th' incessant slaughters of the fight,
 No following troops his brave associate grace:
 In close engagement an unpractis'd race;
 The Locrian squadrons nor the jav'lin wield,
 Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony shield;
 But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing,
 Or whirl the sounding pebble from the sling:
 Dext'rous with these they aim a certain wound,
 Or fell the distant warrior to the ground.
 Thus in the van, the Telamonian train
 Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight maintain;
 Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
 Whose stones and arrows intercept the sky;
 The mingled tempest on the foes they pour;
 Troy's scatt'ring orders open to the show'r.

Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
 And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd;
 But sage Polydamas, discreetly brave,
 Address'd great Hector, and this counsel gave.

Though great in all, thou seem'st averse to lend
 Impartial audience to a faithful friend;

To gods and men thy matchless worth is known,
 And ev'ry art of glorious war thy own ;
 But in cool thought and counsel to excel,
 How widely differs this from warring well !
 Content with what the bounteous gods have giv'n,
 Seek not alone t' ingross the gifts of heav'n.
 To some the pow'rs of bloody war belong,
 To some sweet music, and the charm of song ;
 To few, and wond'rous few, has Jove assign'd
 A wise, extensive, all consid'ring mind ;
 Their guardians these, the nations round confess,
 And towns and empires for their safety blest.
 If heav'n have lodg'd this virtue in my breast,
 Attend, O Hector, what I judge the best.
 See, as thou mov'st, on dangers dangers spread,
 And war's whole fury burns around thy head.
 Behold ! distress'd within yon hostile wall,
 How many Trojans yield, disperse or fall ?
 What troops, out-number'd, scarce the war maintain ?
 And what brave heroes at the ships lie slain ?
 Here cease thy fury ; and the chiefs and kings
 Convok'd to council, weigh the sum of things.
 Whether (the gods succeeding our desires)
 To yon tall ships to bear the Trojan fires ;
 Or quit the fleet, and pass unhurt away,
 Contented with the conquest of the day.
 I fear, I fear, lest Greece, not yet undone,
 Pay the large debt of last revolving sun ;
 Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
 On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains !

The counsel pleas'd ; and Hector with a bound,
 Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground ;
 Swift as he leap'd, his clanging arms resound.
 To guard this post (he cry'd) thy art employ,
 And here detain'd the scatter'd youth of Troy ;
 Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
 And hasten back to end the doubtful day.

This said, the tow'ring chief prepares to go,
 Shakes his white plumes that to the breezes flow,
 And seems a moving mountain top'd with snow.
 Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
 And bids anew the martial thunder rise,
 To Panthus' son, at Hector's high command,
 Haste the bold leaders of the Trojan band :
 But round the battlements, and round the plain,
 For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain ;
 Deiphobus, nor Helenus the feer,
 Nor Asius' son, nor Asius' self appear.
 For these were pierc'd with many a ghastly wound,
 Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground ;
 Some low in dust (a mournful object) lay ;
 High on the wall some breath'd their souls away.
 Far on the left, amid the throng, he found
 (Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
 The graceful Paris ; whom, with fury mov'd,
 Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd.
 Ill-fated Paris ! slave to womankind,
 As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind !
 Where is Deiphobus, where Asius gone ?
 The godlike father, and th' intrepid son ?
 The force of Helenus, dispensing fate,
 And great Othryoneus, so fear'd of late ?

Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging gods,
Imperial Troy from her foundations nods ;
Whelm'd in thy country's ruins shalt thou fall,
And one devouring vengeance swallow all.

When Paris thus : My brother and my friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
In other battles I deserv'd thy blame,
Though then not deedless, nor unknown to fame :
But since yon rampart, by thy arms laid low,
I scatter'd slaughter from my fatal bow.
The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain ;
Of all those heroes, two alone remain ;
Deiphobus, and Helenus the seer,
Each now disabled by a hostile spear.
Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires :
This heart and hand shall second all thy fires :
What with this arm I can, prepare to know ;
Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow.
But 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
To combat ; strength is of the gods alone.

These words the hero's angry mind assuage :
Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage.
Around Polydamas, distain'd with blood,
Cebrión, Phalces, stern Orthæus stood,
Palms, with Polypoetes the divine,
And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line,
(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Ascania far,
The former day ; the next engag'd in war)
As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,
That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,
Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps ;
Then gather'd, fettles on the hoary deeps ;

Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and roar ;
 The waves behind impel the waves before,
 Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the }
 shore.

Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,
 Chief urg'd on chief, and man drove man along.
 Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,
 The brazen arms reflect a beamy light :
 Full in the blazing van great Hector shin'd,
 Like Mars commission'd to confound mankind.
 Before him flaming his enormous shield,
 Like the broad sun, illumin'd all the field :
 His nodding helm emits a streamy ray ;
 His piercing eyes through all the battle stray,
 And, while beneath his targe he flash'd along,
 Shot terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the strong.

Thus stalk'd he, dreadful ; death was in his look ;
 Whole nations fear'd : But not an Argive shook.
 The tow'ring Ajax, with an ample stride,
 Advanc'd the first, and thus the chief defy'd.

Hector ! come on, thy empty threats forbear ;
 'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thund'ring Jove we fear ;
 The skill of war to us not idly giv'n,
 Lo ! Greece is humbled, not by Troy, but heav'n.
 Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
 To force our fleet : The Greeks have hands and hearts.
 Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall,
 Your boasted city, and your god-built wall
 Shall sink beneath us, smoking on the ground ;
 And spread a long unmeasur'd ruin round.
 The time shall come, when chas'd along the plain,
 Ev'n thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain ;

Ev'n thou shalt wish, to aid thy desp'rate course,
 The wings of falcons for thy flying horse;
 Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,
 While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame.

As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,
 On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew,
 To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise,
 And hail, with shouts, his progress thro' the skies:
 Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side:
 They ceas'd, and thus the chief of Troy reply'd.

From whence this menace, this insulting strain?
 Enormous boaster! doom'd to vaunt in vain.
 So may the gods on Hector life bestow,
 (Not that short life which mortals lead below,
 But such as those of Jove's high lineage born,
 The blue-ey'd maid, or he that gilds the morn),
 As this decisive day shall end the fame
 Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.
 And thou, imperious! if thy madness wait
 The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate:
 That giant-corse, extended on the shore,
 Shall largely feast the fowls with fat and gore.

He said, and like a lion stalk'd along:
 With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,
 Sent from his following host: The Grecian train
 With answ'ring thunders fill'd the echoing plain:
 A shout that tore heav'n's concave, and above
 Shook the fix'd splendors of the throne of Jove.

T H E
I L I A D.
B O O K XIV.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

Juno deceives Jupiter by the girdle of Venus.

N E S T O R sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarmed with the increasing clamour of the war, and hastens to Agamemnon : On his way he meets that prince with Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremity of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their escape by night, which Ulysses withstands : To which Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were, they should go forth and encourage the army with their presence ; which advice is pursued. Juno, seeing the partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to overreach him ; she sets off her charms with the utmost care, and (the more surely to inchant him) obtains the magic girdle of Venus. She then applies herself to the God of Sleep ; and, with some difficulty, persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter ; this done, she goes to mount Ida, where the god, at first sight, is ravished with her beauty, sinks in her em-

braces, and is laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber, and succours the Greeks: Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle: Several actions succeed; till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way: The lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

B O O K XIV.

BUT not the genial feast, nor flowing bowl,
Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful soul;
His startled ears th' increasing cries attend;
Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend.

What new alarm, divine Machaon, say,
What mix'd events attend this mighty day?
Hark! how the shouts divide, and how they meet,
And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!
Here, with the cordial draught dispel thy care,
Let Hecamede the strength'ning bath prepare,
Refresh thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore,
While I th' adventures of the day explore.

He said: And, seizing Thrasimedes' shield,
(His valiant offspring), hasten'd to the field;
(That day the son his father's buckler bore),
Then snatch'd a lance, and issu'd from the door.
Soon as the prospect open'd to his view,
His wounded eyes the scene of sorrow knew;
Dire disarray! the tumult of the fight,
The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.
As when old ocean's silent surface sleeps,
The waves just heaving on the purple deeps:
While yet th' expected tempest hangs on high,
Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,
The mass of waters will no wind obey;
Jove sends one gust, and bids them roll away.
While wav'ring counsels thus his mind engage,
Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian sage,

To join the host, or to the Gen'ral haste ;
Debating long, he fixes on the last :
Yet, as he moves, the fight his bosom warms ;
The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms ;
The gleaming faulchions flash, the jav'lines fly ;
Blows echo blows, and all or kill, or die.

Him in his march the wounded princes meet,
By tardy steps ascending from the fleet :
The king of men, Ulysses the divine,
And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.
(Their ships at distance from the battle stand,
In lines advanc'd along the shelving strand ;
Whose bay, the fleet unable to contain
At length, beside the margin of the main,
Rank above rank, the crouded ships they moor :
Who landed first, lay highest on the shore).
Supported on their spears, they took their way,
Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
Nestor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breast,
Whom thus the gen'ral of the host address.
O Grace and glory of th' Achaian name !
What drives thee, Nestor, from the field of fame ?
Shall then proud Hector see his boast fulfill'd,
Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd ?
Such was his threat, ah ! now too soon made good
On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.
Is ev'ry heart inflam'd with equal rage
Against your king, nor will one chief engage ?
And have I liv'd to see, with mournful eyes,
In ev'ry Greek a new Achilles rise ?

Grecian Nestor then : So fate has will'd,
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.

Not he that thunders from th' aerial bow'r,
 Not Jove himself upon the past has pow'r.
 The wall, our late inviolable bound,
 And best defence, lies smoking on the ground :
 Ev'n to the ships their conqu'ring arms extend,
 And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to heav'n ascend.
 On steady measures then employ your thought,
 In such distress, if counsel profit ought ;
 Arms cannot much ; though Mars our souls incite ;
 These gaping wounds with-hold us from the fight.

To him the monarch. That our army bends,
 That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends,
 And that the rampart, late our surest trust,
 And best defence, lies smoking in the dust ;
 All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,
 Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
 Pass'd are the days when happier Greece was blest'd,
 And all his favour, all his aid confess'd :
 Now heav'n averse, our hands from battle ties,
 And lifts the Trojan glory to the skies.
 Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,
 And launch what ships lie nearest to the main ;
 Leave these at anchor till the coming night :
 Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
 Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight. }
 Better from evils, when foreseen, to run,
 Than perish in the danger we may shun.

Thus he. The sage Ulysses thus replies,
 While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes.
 What shameful words, unkingly as thou art,
 Fall from that trembling tongue, and tim'rous heart ?

Oh were thy sway the curse of meaner pow'rs,
 And thou the shame of any host but ours!
 A host, by Jove endu'd with martial might,
 And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight;
 Advent'rous combats and bold wars to wage,
 Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
 And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain?
 And have whole streams of blood been spilt in vain?
 In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear,
 Speak it in whispers, that no Greek may hear.
 Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares
 To think such meanness, or the thought declares?
 And comes it ev'n from him whose sov'reign sway
 The banded legions of all Greece obey?
 Is this a gen'ral's voice, that calls to flight,
 While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight?
 What more could Troy? What yet their fate denies,
 Thou giv'st the foe; all Greece becomes their prize.
 No more the troops (our hoisted sails in view,
 Themselves abandon'd, shall the fight pursue;
 Thy ships first flying with despair shall see,
 And owe destruction to a prince like thee.)

Thy just reproofs, (Atrides calm replies),
 Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise.
 Unwilling as I am to lose the host,
 I force not Greece to quit this hateful coast.
 Glad I submit, whoe'er, or young or old,
 Ought more conducive to our weal unfold.

Tydides cut him short, and thus began.
 Such counsel if you seek, behold the man
 Who boldly gives it, and what he shall say,
 Young, though he be, disdain not to obey.

A youth who from the mighty Tydeus springs,
 May speak to counsels and assembled kings.
 Hear then in me the great Oenides' son,
 Whose honour'd dust, (his race of glory run),
 Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall;
 Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall.
 With three bold sons was gen'rous Prothous blest'd,
 Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon possess'd;
 Melas and Agrius, but (who far surpass
 The rest in courage) Oeneus was the last.
 From him my sire. From Calydon expell'd,
 He pass'd to Argos, and in exile dwell'd;
 The monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd)
 He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd;
 There, rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
 Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield,
 And num'rous flocks that whiten'd all the field.
 Such Tydeus was, the foremost once in fame!
 Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name.
 Then, what for common good my thoughts inspire,
 Attend, and in the son respect the sire.
 Though fore of battle, though with wounds oppress'd,
 Let each go forth, and animate the rest;
 Advance the glory which we cannot share;
 Though not partaker, witness of the war.
 But, lest new wounds on wounds o'erpow'r us quite,
 Beyond the missive jav'ins sounding flight,
 Safe let us stand; and, from the tumult far
 Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war.
 He added not: The list'ning kings obey,
 Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.

The god of ocean (to inflame their rage)
 Appears a warrior, furrow'd o'er with age;
 Press'd in his own the gen'ral's hand he took,
 And thus the venerable hero spoke.

Atrides, lo! with what disdainful eye
 Achilles sees his country's forces fly;
 Blind impious man! whose anger is his guide,
 Who glories in inutterable pride.
 So may he perish, so may Jove disclaim
 The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with shame!
 But heav'n forsakes not thee: O'er yonder sands
 Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd Trojan bands
 Fly diverse; while proud kings and chiefs renown'd,
 Driv'n heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around
 Of rolling dust, their winged wheels employ
 To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.

He spoke; then rush'd amid the warrior crew,
 And sent his voice before him as he flew;
 Loud as the shout encount'ring armies yield,
 When twice ten thousand shake the lab'ring field;
 Such was the voice, and such the thund'ring sound
 Of him whose trident rends the solid ground.
 Each Argive bosom beats to meet the fight,
 And grisly war appears a pleasing sight.

Meantime Saturnia from Olympus' brow,
 High thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below;
 With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,
 Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.
 But plac'd aloft, on Ida's shady height
 She sees her Jove, and trembles at the sight.
 Jove to deceive what methods shall she try,
 What arts to blind his all-beholding eye?

At length she trusts her pow'r; resolv'd to prove
 "The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;"
 Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,
 And lull the lord of thunders in her arms.

Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,
 Sacred to dress and beauty's pleasing cares :
 With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the bow'r,
 Safe from access of each intruding pow'r.
 Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold :
 Self-clos'd, behind her shut the valves of gold.
 Here first she bathes ; and round her body pours
 Soft oils of fragrance and ambrosial show'rs :
 The winds, perfum'd, the balmy gale convey
 Thro' heav'n, thro' earth, and all th' aerial way :
 Spirit divine ! whose exhalation greets
 The sense of gods with more than mortal sweets.
 Thus while she breath'd of heav'n, with decent pride
 Her artful hands the radiant tresses ty'd ;
 Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd ;
 Part o'er her shoulders wav'd like melted gold.
 Around her next a heav'nly mantle flow'd :
 That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd.
 Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round ;
 A golden zone her swelling bosom bound.
 Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
 Each gem illumin'd with a triple star.
 Then o'er her head she casts a veil more white
 Than new-fall'n snow, and dazzling as the light.
 Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace ;
 Thus issuing radiant, with majestic pace,
 Forth from the dome th' imperial goddess moves,
 And calls the mother of the Smiles and Loves.

How long (to Venus thus a-part she cry'd)
Shall human strifes celestial minds divide?

Ah yet will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
And set aside the cause of Greece and Troy?

Let heav'n's dread empress (Cytheraea said)
Speak her request, and deem her will obey'd.

Then grant me (said the queen) those conqu'ring
charms,

That pow'r which mortals and immortals warms,
That love which melts mankind in fierce desires,
And burns the sons of heav'n with sacred fires!

For lo! I haste to those remote abodes,
Where the great parents (sacred source of gods!)
Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
On the last limits of the land and deep.

In their kind arms my tender years were past;
What time old Saturn, from Olympus cast,
Of upper heav'n to Jove resign'd the reign,
Whelm'd under the huge mass of earth and main.
For strife, I hear, has made the union cease,
Which held so long that antient pair in peace.
What honour and what love shall I obtain,
If I compose those fatal feuds again;

Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
And what my youth has ow'd, repay their age!

She said. With awe divine the queen of love
Obey'd the sister and the wife of Jove:

And from her fragrant breast the zone unbrac'd,
With various skill and high embroid'ry grac'd.

In this was ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:

Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
 The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire,
 Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
 Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
 This on her hand the Cyprian goddess laid :
 Take this, and with it all thy wish, she said.
 With smiles she took the charm, and, smiling, prest
 The pow'rful cestus to her snowy breast.

Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew ;
 Whilst from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew.
 O'er high Pieria thence her course she bore,
 O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleasing shore,
 O'er Haemus' hills with snows eternal crown'd ;
 Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.
 Then taking wing from Athos' lofty steep
 She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
 And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep. }
 Sweet pleasing Sleep ! (Saturnia thus began),
 Who spread'st thy empire o'er each god and man ;
 If e'er obsequious to thy Juno's will,
 O Pow'r of Slumbers ! hear, and favour still.
 Shed thy soft dew on Jove's immortal eyes,
 While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
 A splendid footstool, and a throne that shine
 With gold unfading, Somnus, shall be thine ;
 The work of Vulcan ; to indulge thy ease,
 When wine and feasts thy golden humours please.

Imperial dame, (the balmy pow'r replies),
 Great Saturn's heir, and empress of the skies !
 O'er other gods I spread my easy chain ;
 The fire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
 And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main. }

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 Take this, and with it all thy wish, she said.
 With smiles she took the charm, and, smiling, prest
 The pow'rful cestus to her snowy breast.

Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew ;
 Whilst from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew.
 O'er high Pieria thence her course she bore,
 O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleasing shore,
 O'er Haemus' hills with snows eternal crown'd ;
 Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.
 Then taking wing from Athos' lofty steep
 She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
 And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep. }
 Sweet pleasing Sleep ! (Saturnia thus began),
 Who spread'st thy empire o'er each god and man ;
 If e'er obsequious to thy Juno's will,
 O Pow'r of Slumbers ! hear, and favour still.
 Shed thy soft dew on Jove's immortal eyes,
 While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
 A splendid footstool, and a throne that shine
 With gold unfading, Somnus, shall be thine ;
 The work of Vulcan ; to indulge thy ease,
 When wine and feasts thy golden humours please.

Imperial dame, (the balmy pow'r replies),
 Great Saturn's heir, and empress of the skies !
 O'er other gods I spread my easy chain ;
 The fire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
 And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main. }

But how, unbidden, shall I dare to steep
 Jove's awful temples in the dew of sleep?
 Long since, too vent'rous, at thy bold command,
 On those eternal lids I laid my hand:
 What time, deserting Ilion's wasted plain,
 His conqu'ring son, Alcides, plough'd the main.
 When lo! the deeps arise, the tempests roar,
 And drive the hero to the Coan shore:
 Great Jove awaking, shook the blest's abodes
 With rising wrath, and tumbled gods on gods;
 Me chief he fought, and from the realms on high
 Had hurl'd indignant to the nether sky;
 But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,
 (The friend of earth and heav'n), her wings display'd;
 Impower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame;
 Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable dame.

Vain are thy fears, (the queen of heav'n replies,
 And speaking, rolls her large majestic eyes).
 Think'st thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won,
 Like great Alcides, his all-conqu'ring son?
 Hear, and obey the mistresses of the skies,
 Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
 For know, thy lov'd-one shall be ever thine,
 The youngest Grace, Pasithae the divine.

Swear then (he said) by those tremendous floods
 That roar through hell, and bind th' invoking gods:
 Let the great parent Earth one hand sustain,
 And stretch the other o'er the sacred main.
 Call the black Titans, that with Chronos dwell,
 To hear and witness from the depths of hell;
 That she, my lov'd one, shall be ever mine,
 The youngest Grace, Pasithae the divine.

The queen assents, and from th' infernal bow'rs,
 Invokes the fable subtartarean pow'rs,
 And those who rule th' inviolable floods,
 Whom mortals name the dread Titanian gods.

Then swift as wind o'er Lemnos' smoky isle,
 They wing their way, and Imbrus' sea-beat foil;
 Through air unseen, involv'd in darkness glide,
 And light on Lectos, on the point of Ide;
 (Mother of savages, whose echoing hills
 Are heard resounding with a hundred rills).
 Fair Ida trembles underneath the god;
 Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nod.
 There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise
 To join its summit to the neighb'ring skies,
 Dark in embow'ring shade, conceal'd from sight,
 Sat Sleep, in likeness of the bird of night:
 (Chalcis his name by those of heav'nly birth,
 But call'd Cymindis by the race of earth.)

To Ida's top successful Juno flies;
 Great Jove surveys her with desiring eyes:
 The god, whose light'ning sets the heav'ns on fire,
 Through all his bosom feels the fierce desire;
 Fierce as when first by stealth he seiz'd her charms,
 Mix'd with her soul, and melted in her arms.
 Fix'd on her eyes he fed his eager look,
 Then press'd her hand, and thus with transport spoke.

Why comes my goddess from th' aetherial sky,
 And not her steeds and flaming chariot nigh?

Then she—I haste to those remote abodes,
 Where the great parents of the deathless gods,
 The rev'rend Ocean and great Tethys reign,
 On the last limits of the land and main.

I visit these, to whose indulgent cares
 I owe the nursing of my tender years.
 For strife, I hear, has made that union cease,
 Which held so long this ancient pair in peace.
 The steeds, prepar'd my chariot to convey
 O'er earth and seas, and through th' aerial way,
 Wait under Ide: Of thy superior pow'r
 To ask consent, I leave th' Olympian bow'r;
 Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells
 Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells.

For that (said Jove) suffice another day;
 But eager love denies the least delay.
 Let softer cares the present hour employ,
 And be these moments sacred all to joy.
 Ne'er did my soul so strong a passion prove,
 Or for an earthly, or a heav'nly love:
 Not when I press'd Ixion's matchless dame,
 Whence rose Perithous like the gods in fame.
 Not when fair Danae felt the show'r of gold
 Stream into life, whence Perseus brave and bold.
 Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame,
 (Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came.)
 Not Phoenix' daughter, beautiful and young,
 Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos sprung.
 Not thus I burn'd for fair Latona's face,
 Nor comelier Ceres' more majestic grace.
 Not thus ev'n for thyself I felt desire,
 As now my veins receive the pleasing fire.

He spoke; the goddess with the charming eyes
 Glows with celestial red, and thus replies.
 Is this a scene for love? On Ida's height
 Expos'd to mortal and immortal sight;

Our joys profan'd by each familiar eye;
 The sport of heav'n, and fable of the sky.
 How shall I e'er review the blest'd abodes,
 Or mix among the senate of the gods!
 Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd charms,
 All heav'n beholds me recent from thy arms?
 With skill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bow'r,
 Sacred to love and to the genial hour;
 If such thy will, to that recess retire,
 And secret there indulge thy soft desire.

She ceas'd; and smiling with superior love,
 Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove.
 Nor god, nor mortal, shall our joys behold,
 Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd with gold;
 Not ev'n the sun, who darts through heav'n his rays,
 And whose broad eye th' extended earth surveys.

Gazing he spoke, and kindling at the view,
 His eager arms around the goddess threw.
 Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours
 Unbidden herbs and voluntary flow'rs:
 Thick new-born vi'lets a soft carpet spread,
 And clust'ring lotos swell'd the rising bed,
 And sudden hyacinths the turf bestrow,
 And flamy crocus made the mountain glow.
 There golden clouds conceal the heav'nly pair,
 Steep'd in soft joys, and circumfus'd with air;
 Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,
 Perfume the mount, and breathe Ambrosia round.
 At length with love and sleep's soft pow'r oppress'd,
 The panting Thund'rer nods, and sinks to rest.

Now to the navy borne on silent wings,
 To Neptune's ear soft Sleep his message brings;

Beside him sudden, unperceiv'd he stood,
And thus with gentle words address'd the god.

Now, Neptune! now th' important hour employ,
To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy:
While Jove yet rests, while yet my vapours shed
The golden vision round his sacred head;
For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleasing ties,
Have clos'd those awful and eternal eyes.

Thus having said, the pow'r of slumber flew,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.

Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
And tow'ring in the foremost ranks of war,
Indignant thus——Oh once of martial fame!

O Greeks! if yet ye can deserve the name!

This half-recover'd day shall Troy obtain?

Shall Hector thunder at your ships again?

Lo still he vaunts, and threatens the fleet with fires,

While stern Achilles in his wrath retires.

One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,

Be still yourselves, and we shall need no more.

Oh yet, if glory any bosom warms,

Brace on your firmest helms, and stand to arms:

His strongest spear each valiant Grecian wield,

Each valiant Grecian seize his broadest shield;

Let to the weak the lighter arms belong,

The pond'rous targe be wielded by the strong,

(Thus arm'd) not Hector shall our presence stay;

Myself, ye Greeks! myself will lead the way.

The troops assent; their martial arms they change,
The busy chiefs their banded legions range.

The kings, tho' wounded, and oppress'd with pain,

With helpful hands themselves assist the train.

The strong and cumb'rous arms the valiant wield,
 The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.
 Thus sheath'd in shining brass, in bright array,
 The legions march, and Neptune leads the way;
 His brandish'd faulchion flames before their eyes,
 Like light'ning flashing thro' the frightened skies.
 Clad in his might th' earth-shaking pow'r appears;
 Pale mortals tremble, and confess their fears.
 Troy's great defender stands alone unaw'd,
 Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a god:
 And lo! the god and wond'rous man appear:
 The sea's stern ruler there, and Hector here.
 The roaring main, at her great master's call,
 Rose in huge ranks, and form'd a wat'ry wall
 Around the ships: Seas hanging o'er the shores,
 Both armies join: Earth thunders, ocean roars.
 Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound,
 When stormy winds disclose the dark profound;
 Less loud the winds, that from th' Æolian hall
 Roar thro' the woods, and make whole forests fall;
 Less loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
 Catch the dry mountain, and its shades devour.
 With such a rage the meeting hosts are driv'n,
 And such a clamour shakes the founding heav'n.
 The first bold jav'lin urg'd by Hector's force,
 Direct at Ajax' bosom wing'd its course;
 But there no pass the crossing belts afford,
 (One brac'd his shield, and one sustain'd his sword).
 Then back the disappointed Trojan drew,
 And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:
 But 'scap'd not Ajax; his tempestuous hand
 A pond'rous stone up-heaving from the sand,

Beside him sudden, unperceiv'd he stood,
And thus with gentle words address'd the god.

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 Then back the disappointed Trojan drew,
 And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew:
 But 'scap'd not Ajax; his tempestuous hand
 A pond'rous stone up-heaving from the sand,

(Where heaps laid loose beneath the warrior's feet,
 Or serv'd to ballast, or to prop the fleet);
 Toss'd round and round, the missive marble flings;
 On the raz'd shield the falling ruin rings,
 Full on his breast and throat with force descends:
 Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,
 But whirling on with many a fiery round,
 Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground.
 As when the bolt, red-hissing from above,
 Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,
 The mountain oak in flaming ruin lies,
 Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise;
 Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand,
 And own the terrors of th' almighty hand!
 So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore;
 His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore;
 His following shield the fallen chief o'erspread;
 Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head;
 His load of armour sinking to the ground,
 Clanks on the field; a dead and hollow sound.
 Loud shouts of triumph fill the crouded plain;
 Greece sees, in hope, Troy's great defender slain:
 All spring to seize him; storms of arrows fly;
 And thicker jav'lines intercept the sky.
 In vain an iron tempest hisses round;
 He lies protect'd, and without a wound.
 Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
 The pious warrior of Anchises' line,
 And each bold leader of the Lycian band,
 With cov'ring shields (a friendly circle) stand:
 His mournful followers, with assistant care,
 The groaning hero to his chariot bear;

His foaming courfers, fwifter than the wind,
Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.

When now they touch'd the mead's enamel'd fide,
Where gentle Xanthus rolls his eafy tide,
With wat'ry drops the chief they fprinkle round,
Plac'd on the margin of the flow'ry ground.
Rais'd on his knees, he now ejects the gore;
Now faints anew, low-finking on the fhore;
By fits he breathes, half views the fleeting fkies,
And feals again, by fits, his fwimming eyes.

Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,
With double fury each invades the field.

Oilean Ajax firft his jav'lin fped,
Pierc'd by whose point the fon of Enops bled;
(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neis bore
Amidft her flock on Satnio's filver fhore);
Struck through the belly's rim, the warrior lies
Supine, and fhades eternal vail his eyes.

An arduous battle rofe around the dead:
By turns the Greeks, by turns the Trojans bled.

Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near,
And at Prothoenor fhook the trembling fpear;
The driving jav'lin through his fhoulder thruft,
He finks to earth, and grasps the bloody duft.
Lo thus (the victor cries) we rule the field,
And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield:
From this unerring hand there flies no dart
But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.

Propt on that fpear to which thou ow'ft thy fall,
Go, guide thy darkfome fteps to Pluto's dreary hall!

He faid, and sorrow touch'd each Argive breaft:
The foul of Ajax burn'd above the reft.

As by his side the groaning warrior fell,
 At the fierce foe he launch'd his piercing steel;
 The foe reclining, shunn'd the flying death:
 But fate, Archelochus, demands thy breath:
 Thy lofty birth no succour could impart,
 The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart,
 Swift to perform heav'n's fatal will it fled,
 Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
 And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:
 The dropping head first tumbled to the plain,
 So just the stroke, that yet the body stood
 Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.

Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes!
 (The tow'ring Ajax loud insulting cries);
 Say, is this chief extended on the plain,
 A worthy vengeance for Prothoenor slain?
 Mark well his port! his figure and his face,
 Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
 Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,
 Antenor's brother, or perhaps his son.

He spake, and smil'd severe, for well he knew
 The bleeding youth: Troy sadden'd at the view.
 But furious Acamas aveng'd his cause:
 As Promachus his slaughter'd brother draws,
 He pierc'd his heart.—Such fate attends you all,
 Proud Argives! destin'd by our arms to fall.
 Not Troy alone, but haughty Greece shall share
 The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.
 Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath,
 A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death.
 Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
 Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.

Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian host,
 But touch'd the breast of bold Peneleus most;
 At the proud boaster he directs his course;
 The boaster flies, and shuns superior force.
 But young Ilioneus receiv'd the spear;
 Ilioneus, his father's only care:
 (Phorbas the rich, of all the Trojan train
 Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of gain),
 Full on his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
 And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,
 Drove thro' the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain,
 He lifts his miserable arms in vain!
 Swift his broad faulchion fierce Peneleus spread,
 And from the spouting shoulders struck his head;
 To earth at once the head and helmet fly;
 The lance, yet sticking through the bleeding eye,
 The victor seiz'd; and as aloft he shook
 The gory visage, thus insulting spoke.

Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!
 Haste, to his father let the tale be told:
 Let his high roofs resound with frantic wo,
 Such, as the house of Promachus must know;
 Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
 Such, as to Promachus' sad spouse we bear;
 When we victorious shall to Greece return,
 And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.

Dreadful he spoke, then toss'd the head on high;
 The Trojans hear, they tremble and they fly:
 Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,
 And dread the ruin that impends on all.

Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus shine,
 Ye all-beholding, all-recording Nine!

O say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
 What chief, what hero first embu'd the field?
 Of all the Grecians what immortal name,
 And whose blest'd trophies will ye raise to fame?

Thou first, great Ajax! on the ensanguin'd plain
 Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Mysian train,
 Phalces and Mermer, Nestor's son o'erthrew;
 Bold Merion, Morys and Hippotion flew;
 Strong Periphaetes and Prothoon bled,
 By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead.
 Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaus steel,
 His people's pastor, Hyperenor fell;
 Eternal darkness wrapt the warrior round,
 And the fierce soul came rushing through the wound.
 But stretch'd in heaps before Oileus' son,
 Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
 Ajax the less, of all the Grecian race,
 Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chase.

T H E
I L I A D.
B O O K XV.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The fifth Battle at the Ships, and the Acts of Ajax.

JUPITER awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks: He is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions; she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno repairing to the assembly of the gods, attempts, with extraordinary address, to incense them against Jupiter; in particular, she touches Mars with a violent resentment: He is ready to take arms; but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo reinspiras Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his aegis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: The Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet; but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax, with a prodigious slaughter.

B O O K XV.

NOW in swift flight they pass the trench profound,
 And many a chief lay gasping on the ground :
 Then stopp'd and panted where the chariots lie ;
 Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.
 Meanwhile, awakened from his dream of love,
 On Ida's summit sat imperial Jove :
 Round the wide fields he cast a careful view,
 There saw the Trojans fly, the Greeks pursue ;
 These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain ;
 And, 'midst the war, the monarch of the main.
 Not far great Hector on the dust he spies,
 (His sad associates round with weeping eyes),
 Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
 His senses wand'ring to the verge of death.
 The god beheld him with a pitying look,
 And thus, incens'd, to fraudulent Juno spoke.

O thou, still adverse to th' eternal will,
 For ever studious in promoting ill !
 Thy arts have made the godlike Hector yield,
 And driv'n his conqu'ring squadrons from the field.
 Canst thou, unhappy in thy wiles, withstand
 Our pow'r immense, and brave th' almighty hand ?
 Hast thou forgot, when bound and fix'd on high,
 From the vast concave of the spangled sky
 I hung thee, trembling, in a golden chain,
 And all the raging gods oppos'd in vain ?
 Headlong I hurl'd them from the Olympian hall,
 Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathless with the fall.

For godlike Hercules these deeds were done,
 Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son;
 When, by thy wiles induc'd, fierce Boreas tost
 The shipwreck'd hero on the Coan coast;
 Him through a thousand forms of death I bore,
 And sent to Argos and his native shore.
 Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
 Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head;
 Lest arts and blandishments successless prove,
 Thy soft deceits, and well dissembled love.

The Thund'rer spoke; imperial Juno mourn'd,
 And, trembling, these submissive words return'd.

By ev'ry oath that pow'rs immortal ties,
 The foodful earth, and all-infolding skies,
 By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow
 Through the drear realms of gliding ghosts below:
 By the dread honours of thy sacred head,
 And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!
 Not by my arts the ruler of the main
 Steeps Troy in blood, and rages round the plain:
 By his own ardour, his own pity sway'd
 To help his Greeks, he fought, and disobey'd:
 Else had thy Juno better counsel giv'n,
 And taught submission to the fire of heav'n.

Think'st thou with me! fair empress of the skies!
 (Th' immortal father with a smile replies!)
 Then soon the haughty sea-god shall obey,
 Nor dare to act but when we point the way.
 If truth inspires thy tongue, proclaim our will
 To yon bright synod on th' Olympian hill;
 Our high decree let various Iris know,
 And call the god that bears the silver bow.

Let her descend, and from th' embattled plain
 Command the sea-god to his wat'ry reign;
 While Phoebus hastes, great Hector to prepare
 To rise afresh, and once more wake the war;
 His lab'ring bosom reïnspires with breath,
 And calls his senses from the verge of death.
 Greece chac'd by Troy ev'n to Achilles' fleet,
 Shall fall by thousands at the hero's feet.
 He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
 Shall send Patroclus, but shall send in vain.
 What youth he slaughters under Ilion's walls!
 Ev'n my lov'd son, divine Sarpedon, falls!
 Vanquish'd at last by Hector's lance he lies.
 Then, nor till then, shall great Achilles rise;
 And lo! that instant godlike Hector dies. }
 From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,
 Pallas assists, and lofty Ilion burns.
 Not till that day shall Jove relax his rage,
 Nor one of all the heav'nly host engage
 In aid of Greece. The promise of a god
 I gave, and seal'd it with th' almighty nod,
 Achilles' glory to the stars to raise;
 Such was our word, and fate the word obeys.
 The trembling queen (th' almighty order giv'n)
 Swift from th' Idaean summit shot to heav'n.
 As some way-faring man, who wanders o'er,
 In thought, a length of lands he trode before,
 Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
 Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space;
 So swift flew Juno to the bless'd abodes,
 If thought of man can match the speed of gods.

There sat the pow'rs in awful synod plac'd ;
 They bow'd and made obeisance as she pass'd,
 Through all the brazen dome: With goblets crown'd
 They hail her queen ; the nectar streams around.
 Fair Themis first presents the golden bowl,
 And anxious asks what cares disturb her soul ?

To whom the white-arm'd goddess thus replies.
 Enough thou know'st, the tyrant of the skies,
 Severely bent his purpose to fulfil,
 Unmov'd his mind, and unrestrain'd his will.
 Go thou, the feasts of heav'n attend thy call ;
 Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall ;
 But Jove shall thunder through th' aethereal dome
 Such stern decrees, such threaten'd woes to come,
 As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprize,
 And damp th' eternal banquets of the skies.

The goddess said, and sullen took her place ;
 Blank Horror sadden'd each celestial face.
 To see the gath'ring grudge in ev'ry breast,
 Smiles on her lips a spleenful joy-express ;
 While on her wrinkled front and eye-brow bent,
 Sat stedfast Care, and low'ring Discontent.
 Thus she proceeds—Attend, ye pow'rs above !
 But know 'tis madness to contest with Jove :
 Supreme he sits, and sees, in pride of sway,
 Your vassal godheads grudgingly obey :
 Fierce in the majesty of pow'r controuls ;
 Shakes all the thrones of heav'n, and bends the poles.
 Submits immortals ! all he wills obey ;
 And thou, great Mars, begin and shew the way.
 Behold Ascalaphus ! behold him die,
 But dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh ;

Thy own lov'd boasted offspring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boasted offspring be thy own.

Stern Mars, with anguish for his slaughter'd son,
Smote his rebelling breast, and fierce begun.
Thus then, immortals! thus shall Mars obey;
Forgive me, gods, and yield my vengeance way:
Descending first to yon forbidden plain,
The god of battles dares avenge the slain;
Dares, tho' the thunder, bursting o'er my head,
Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead.

With that he gives command to Fear and Flight
To join his rapid courfers for the fight:
Then grim in arms, with hasty vengeance flies,
Arms that reflect a radiance thro' the skies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driv'n,
Discharg'd his wrath on half the host of heav'n;
But Pallas, springing from the bright abode,
Starts from her azure throne to calm the god.
Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantic Mars she snatch'd the shield and spear;
Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus to th' impetuous homicide she said.

By what wild passion, furious! art thou tost?
Striv'st thou with Jove? thou art already lost.
Shall not the Thund'rer's dread command restrain;
And was imperial Juno heard in vain?
Back to the skies would'st thou with shame be driv'n,
And in thy guilt involve the host of heav'n?
Ilion and Greece no more shall Jove engage;
The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage:
Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate,
And one vast ruin whelm th' Olympian state.

Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to call;
 Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet shall fall.
 Why should heav'n's law with foolish man comply,
 Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?

This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne;
 Sullen he fate, and curb'd the rising groan.
 Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)
 The winged Iris, and the god of day.
 Go wait the Thund'ers' will, (Saturnia cry'd),
 On yon tall summit of the fountful Ide:
 There in the father's awful presence stand,
 Receive and execute his dread command.

She said, and sat: The god that gilds the day,
 And various Iris, wing their airy way.
 Swift as the wind to Ida's hill they came,
 (Fair nurse of fountains and of savage game).
 There sat th' Eternal; he whose nod controls
 The trembling world, and shakes the steady poles.
 Veil'd in a mist of fragrance him they found,
 With clouds of gold and purple circled round.
 Well pleas'd the Thund'rer saw their earnest care,
 And prompt obedience to the queen of air;
 Then (while a smile serenes his awful brow)
 Commands the goddess of the show'ry bow.

Iris! descend, and what we here ordain
 Report to yon mad tyrant of the main.
 Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
 Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.
 If he refuse, then let him timely weigh
 Our elder birthright and superior sway.
 How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,
 If heav'n's omnipotence descend in arms?

Strives he with me, by whom his pow'r was giv'n,
And is there equal to the Lord of Heav'n?

Th' Almighty spoke; the goddess wing'd her flight
To sacred Ilion from th' Idaean height.

Swift as the rattling hail or fleecy snows
Drive through the skies, when Boreas fiercely blows;
So from the clouds descending Iris falls;
And to blue Neptune thus the goddess calls.

Attend the mandate of the Sire above,
In me behold the messenger of Jove:

He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.

This if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh
His elder birthright and superior sway.

How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms,
If heav'n's omnipotence descend in arms?

Striv'st thou with him by whom all pow'r is giv'n?
And art thou equal to the Lord of Heav'n?

What means the haughty sov'reign of the skies?
(The king of ocean thus, incens'd, replies).

Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;
No vassal god, nor of his train am I.

Three brother deities from Saturn came,
And antient Rhea, earth's immortal dame:

Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;
Infernal Pluto sways the shades below;

O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain,
Eternal Jove extends his high domain:

My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And hush the roarings of the sacred deep:

Olympus and this earth in common lie;
What claim has here the tyrant of the sky?

Far in the distant clouds let him controul,
 And awe the younger brothers of the pole;
 There to his children his commands be giv'n,
 The trembling, servile, second race of heav'n.

And must I then (said she) O fire of floods!
 Bear this fierce answer to the king of gods?
 Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent;
 A noble mind disdains not to repent.
 To elder brothers guardian fiends are giv'n,
 To scourge the wretch insulting them and heav'n.

Great is the profit (thus the god rejoin'd)
 When ministers are bless'd with prudent mind:
 Warn'd by thy words, to pow'rful Jove I yield,
 And quit, though angry, the contended field.
 Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,
 'The same our honours, and our birth the same.
 If yet, forgetful of his promise giv'n
 To Hermes, Pallas, and the queen of heav'n,
 To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
 He breaks his faith with half th' aetherial race;
 Give him to know, unless the Grecian train
 Lay yon proud structures level with the plain,
 Howe'er th' offence by other gods be past,
 The wrath of Neptune shall for ever last.

Thus speaking, furious from the field he strode,
 And plung'd into the bosom of the flood.
 The lord of thunders, from his lofty height
 Beheld, and thus bespoke the source of light.

Behold! the god whose liquid arms are hurl'd
 Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock the world,
 Desists at length his rebel-war to wage,
 Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage;

Else had my wrath, heav'n's thrones all shaking
round,

Burn'd to the bottom of the seas profound ;

And all the gods that round old Saturn dwell,

Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.

Well was the crime, and well the vengeance spar'd ;

Ev'n pow'r immense had found such battle hard.

Go thou, my son ! the trembling Greeks alarm,

Shake my broad aegis on thy active arm,

Be godlike Hector thy peculiar care,

Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war :

Let Ilion conquer, till th' Achaian train

Fly to their ships and Hellespont again :

Then Greece shall breathe from toils—The godhead

said ;

His will divine the son of Jove obey'd.

Not half so swift the failing falcon flies,

That drives a turtle through the liquid skies ;

As Phoebus, shooting from th' Idean brow,

Glides down the mountain to the plain below.

There Hector seated by the stream he sees,

His sense returning with the coming breeze ;

Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise ;

Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes ;

Jove thinking of his pains, they pass'd away ;

To whom the god who gives the golden day :

Why sits great Hector from the field so far ?

What grief, what wound, with-holds him from the

war ?

The fainting hero, as the vision bright

Stood shining o'er him, half unscal'd his sight :

M 3

What bless'd immortal, with commanding breath,
 Thus wakens Hector from the sleep of death ?
 Has fame not told, how, while my trusty sword
 Bath'd Greece in slaughter, and her battle gor'd,
 The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow,
 Had almost sunk me to the shades below ?
 Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy,
 And hell's black horrors swim before my eye.

To him Apollo. Be no more dismay'd ;
 See, and be strong ! the Thund'rer sends thee aid,
 Behold ! thy Phoebus shall his arms employ,
 Phoebus, propitious still to thee and Troy.
 Inspire thy warriors then with manly force,
 And to the ships impel thy rapid horse ;
 Ev'n I will make thy fiery couriers way,
 And drive the Grecians headlong to the sea.

Thus to bold Hector spoke the son of Jove,
 And breath'd immortal ardour from above.
 As when the pamper'd steed, with reins unbound,
 Breaks from his stall, and pours along the ground ;
 With ample strokes he rushes to the flood,
 To bathe his sides, and cool his fiery blood ;
 His head now freed, he tosses to the skies ;
 His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies :
 He snuffs the females in the well-known plain,
 And springs, exulting, to his fields again :
 Urg'd by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
 Full of the god ; and all his host pursue.

As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
 Invade the mountain-goat, or branching hind ;
 Far from the hunter's rage secure they lie,
 Close in the rock, (not fated yet to die),

When lo! a lion shoots across the way!
 They fly; at once the chasers and the prey.
 So Greece, that late in conqu'ring troops pursu'd,
 And mark'd their progress thro' the ranks in blood,
 Soon as they see the furious chief appear,
 Forget to vanquish, and consent to fear.

Thoas with grief observ'd his dreadful course,
 Thoas, the bravest of th' Ætolian force;
 Skill'd to direct th' jav'lin's distant flight,
 And bold to combat in the standing fight,
 Nor more in councils fam'd for solid sense,
 Than winning words and heav'nly eloquence.
 Gods! what portent (he cry'd) these eyes invades?
 Lo! Hector rises from the Stygian shades!
 We saw him late by thund'ring Ajax kill'd:
 What god restores him to the frightened field;
 And not content that half of Greece lie slain,
 Pours new destruction on her sons again?
 He comes not, Jove! without thy pow'rful will;
 Lo! still he lives, pursues, and conquers still!
 Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand.
 The Greeks main body to the fleet command;
 But let the few whom brisker spirits warm,
 Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm.
 Thus point your arms; and when such foes appear,
 Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.

The warrior spoke, the list'ning Greeks obey,
 Thick'ning their ranks, and form a deep array.
 Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion, gave command,
 The valiant leader of the Cretan band,
 And Mars-like Meges: These the chiefs excite,
 Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.

Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
 To flank the navy, and the shores defend.
 Full on the front the pressing Trojans bear,
 And Hector first came tow'ring to the war.
 Phoebus himself the rushing battle led;
 A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head:
 High-held before him, Jove's enormous shield
 Portentous shone, and shaded all the field;
 Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift consign'd,
 To scatter hosts, and terrify mankind.
 'The Greeks expect the shock; the clamours rise
 From diff'rent parts, and mingle in the skies.
 Dire was the hiss of darts, by heroes flung,
 And arrows leaping from the bow-string sung;
 These drink the life of gen'rous warriors slain;
 Those guiltless fall, and thirst for blood in vain.
 As long as Phoebus bore unmov'd the shield,
 Sat doubtful Conquest hov'ring o'er the field;
 But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,
 Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,
 Deep horror seizes ev'ry Grecian breast,
 Their force is humbled, and their fear confest.
 So flies a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide,
 No swain to guard them, and no day to guide,
 When two fell lions from the mountain come,
 And spread the carnage through the shady gloom.
 Impending Phoebus pours around them fear,
 And Troy and Hector thunder in their rear.
 Heaps fall on heaps: The slaughter Hector leads;
 First great Arcesilas, then Stichius bleeds;
 One to the bold Boeotians ever dear,
 And one Menestheus' friend, and fam'd compeer.

Medon and Iafus, Æneas fped ;
 This fprung from Phelus, and th' Athenians led ;
 But haplefs Medon from Oileus came ;
 Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,
 Though born of lawlefs love : From home expell'd,
 A banifh'd man, in Phylace he dwell'd,
 Prefs'd by the vengeance of an angry wife,
 Troy ends, at laft, his labours and his life.
 Meciftes next, Polydamas o'erthrew ;
 And thee, brave Clonius ! great Agenor flew.
 By Paris Deiochus inglorious dies,
 Pierc'd through the foulder as he bafely flies.
 Polites' arm laid Echiuf on the plain ;
 Stretch'd on one heap, the victors fpoil the flain.
 The Greeks difmay'd, confus'd, difperfe or fall ;
 Some feek the trench, fome fskulk behind the wall.
 While thefe fly trembling, others pant for breath,
 And o'er the flaughter ftalks gigantic Death.
 On rufh'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night ;
 Forbids to plunder, animates the fight ;
 Points to the fleet : For, by the gods, who flies,
 Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies ;
 No weeping fifter his cold eye fhall clofe ;
 No friendly hand his fun'ral pire compofe.
 Who ftops to plunder in this fignal hour,
 The birds fhall tear him, and the dogs devour.

Furious he faid ; the fmarting fcouge refounds ;
 The courfers fly ; the fmoking chariot bounds :
 The hofts rufh on ; loud clamours fhake the fhore :
 The horfes thunder, earth and ocean roar !
 Apollo, planted at the trenches' bound,
 Push'd at the bank : Down fank th' enormous mound ;

Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay ;
 A sudden road, a long and ample way.
 O'er the dread fosse, (a late impervious space),
 Now steeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous pass.
 The wond'ring crouds the downward level trod :
 Before them flam'd the shield, and march'd the god.
 Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall ;
 And lo ! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall.
 Easy as when ashore an infant stands,
 And draws imagin'd houses in the sands :
 The sportive wanton, pleas'd with some new play,
 Sweeps the slight works and fashion'd domes away.
 Thus vanish'd, at thy touch, the tow'rs and walls ;
 The toil of thousands in a moment falls.

The Grecians gaze around with wild despair,
 Confus'd, and weary all the pow'rs with pray'r ;
 Exhort their men, with praises, threats, commands ;
 And urge the gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.
 Experienc'd Nestor chief obtests the skies,
 And weeps his country with a father's eyes.

O Jove ! if ever, on his native shore,
 One Greek enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore ;
 If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
 We paid the fattest firstlings of the fold ;
 If e'er thou sign'st our wishes with thy nod,
 Perform the promise of a gracious god !
 This day, preserve our navies from the flame,
 And save the reliques of the Grecian name.

Thus pray'd the sage : Th' Eternal gave consent,
 And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
 Presumptuous Troy mistook th' accepting sign,
 And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.

As, when black tempests mix the seas and skies,
 The roaring deeps in wat'ry mountains rise,
 Above the sides of some tall ship ascend,
 Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they read :
 Thus loudly roaring, and o'erpow'ring all,
 Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall ;
 Legions on legions from each side arise ;
 Thick sound the keels ; the storm of arrows flies.
 Fierce on the ships above, the cars below,
 These wield the mace, and those the jav'lin throw.

While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd,
 And lab'ring armies round the works engag'd ;
 Still in the tent Patroclus sat, to tend
 'The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.
 He sprinkles healing balms, to anguish kind,
 And adds discourse, the med'cine of the mind.
 But when he saw, ascending up the fleet,
 Victorious Troy ; then, starting from his seat,
 With bitter groans his sorrows he express,
 He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breast.
 Though yet thy state requires redress, (he cries),
 Depart I must : What horrors strike my eyes ?
 Charg'd with Achilles' high commands I go,
 A mournful witness of this scene of wo :
 I haste to urge him, by his country's care,
 To rise in arms, and shine again in war.
 Perhaps some fav'ring god his soul may bend ;
 The voice is pow'rful of a faithful friend.

He spoke ; and speaking, swifter than the wind
 Sprung from the tent, and left the war behind.
 Th' embody'd Greeks the fierce attack sustain,
 But strive, though num'rous, to repulse in vain.

Nor could the Trojans, through that firm array,
 Force to the fleet and tents th' impervious way.
 As when a shipwright, with Palladian art,
 Smooths the rough wood, and levels ev'ry part;
 With equal hand he guides his whole design,
 By the just rule, and the directing line.
 The martial leaders, with like skill and care,
 Preserv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
 Brave deeds of arms through all the ranks were try'd,
 And ev'ry ship sustain'd an equal tide.
 At one proud bark, high tow'ring o'er the fleet
 Ajax the great, and godlike Hector meet;
 For one bright prize the matchless chiefs contend;
 Nor this the ships can fire, nor that defend;
 One kept the shore, and one the vessel trod;
 That fix'd as fate, this acted by a god.
 The son of Clytius in his daring hand,
 The deck approaching, shakes a flaming brand;
 But pierc'd by Telamon's huge lance expires;
 Thund'ring he falls, and drops th' extinguish'd fires.
 Great Hector view'd him with a sad survey,
 As stretch'd in dust before the stern he lay.
 Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!
 Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous space;
 Lo! where the son of royal Clytius lies;
 Ah save his arms, secure his obsequies!
 This said, his eager jav'lin sought the foe:
 But Ajax shunn'd the meditated blow;
 Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown;
 It stretch'd in dust unhappy Lycophron:
 An exile long, sustain'd at Ajax board,
 A faithful servant to a foreign lord;

In peace, in war, for ever at his side,
 Near his lov'd master, as he liv'd, he dy'd.
 From the high poop he tumbles on the sand,
 And lies a lifeless load along the land.
 With anguish Ajax views the piercing sight,
 And thus inflames his brother to the fight.

Teucer, behold ! extended on the shore
 Our friend, our lov'd companion ! now no more !
 Dear as a parent, with a parent's care
 To fight our wars, he left his native air.
 This death deplor'd to Hector's rage we owe;
 Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
 Where are those darts on which the fates attend,
 And where the bow which Phoebus taught to bend ?

Impatient Teucer, hast'ning to his aid,
 Before the chief his ample bow display'd ;
 The well stor'd quiver on his shoulders hung :
 Then hiss'd his arrow, and the bow-string sung.
 Clytus, Pisenor's son, renown'd in fame,
 (To thee, Polydamas ! an honour'd name),
 Drove through the thickest of th' embattled plains,
 The startling steeds, and shook his eager reins.
 As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
 The pointed death arrests him from behind :
 Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies ;
 In youth's first bloom reluctantly he dies.
 Hurl'd from the lofty seat, at distance far,
 The headlong coursers spurn his empty car ;
 Till sad Polydamas the steeds restrain'd,
 And gave, Astynous, to thy careful hand ;
 Then, fir'd to vengeance, rush'd amidst the foe ;
 Rage edg'd his sword, and strengthen'd every blow.

Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cause,
 At Hector's breast a chosen arrow draws ;
 And had the weapon found the destin'd way,
 Thy fall, great Trojan ! had renown'd that day,
 But Hector was not doom'd to perish then :
 Th' all-wise disposer of the fates of men,
 Imperial Jove, his present death withstands ;
 Nor was such glory due to Teucer's hands.
 At its full stretch as the tough string he drew,
 Struck by an arm unseen, it burst in two ;
 Down dropt the bow : The shaft with brazen head
 Fell innocent, and on the dust lay dead.
 Th' astonish'd archer to great Ajax cries ;
 Some god prevents our destin'd enterprise :
 Some god, propitious to the Trojan foe,
 Has, from my arm unfailing, struck the bow,
 And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with art,
 Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.

Since heav'n commands it, (Ajax made reply),
 Dismiss the bow, and lay thy arrows by ;
 Thy arms no less suffice thy lance to wield,
 And quit the quiver for the pond'rous shield ;
 In the first ranks indulge thy thirst of fame,
 (Thy brave example shall the rest inflame.)
 Fierce as they are, by long successes vain ;
 To force our fleet, or ev'n a ship to gain,
 Asks toil, and sweat, and blood : Their utmost might
 Shall find its match—No more : 'Tis ours to fight.

Then Teucer laid his faithless bow aside ;
 The fourfold buckler o'er his shoulder ty'd ;
 On his brave head a crested helm he plac'd,
 With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd ;

A dart, whose point with brass refulgent shines,
The warrior wields; and his great brother joins.

This Hector saw, and thus express'd his joy.
Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!
Be mindful of yourselves, your ancient fame,
And spread your glory with the navy's flame.
Jove is with us; I saw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer strike his vaunted bow.
Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours shine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine!
How easy then, to see the sinking state
Of realms accurs'd, deserted, reprobate!
Such is the fate of Greece, and such is ours:
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your pow'rs.
Death is the worst; a fate which all must try;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliss to die.
The gallant man, though slain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free;
Entails a debt on all the grateful state;
His own brave friends shall glory in his fate;
His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed;
And late posterity enjoy the deed!

This rous'd the soul in ev'ry Trojan breast:
The godlike Ajax next his Greeks addrest.

How long, ye warriors of the Argive race,
(To gen'rous Argos what a dire disgrace!)
How long on these curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd or to live or die!
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your vessels catch the Trojan fire?
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!

Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,
 It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.
 'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates ;
 To your own hands are trusted all your fates ;
 And better far, in one decisive strife,
 One day should end our labour, or our life ;
 Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands,
 Still prefs'd and prefs'd by such inglorious hands.

The list'ning Grecians feel their leader's flame,
 And ev'ry kindling bosom pants for fame.
 Then mutual slaughters spread on either side ;
 By Hector here the Phocian Schedius dy'd.
 There, pierc'd by Ajax, sunk Laodamas,
 Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.
 Polydamas laid Otus on the sand,
 The fierce commander of th' Ipean band.
 His lance bold Meges at the victor threw ;
 The victor, stooping, from the death withdrew :
 (That valu'd life, O Phoebus ! was thy care) ;
 But Croesmus' bosom took the flying spear :
 His corpse fell bleeding on the slipp'ry shore ;
 His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.
 Dolops, the son of Lampus, rushes on,
 Sprung from the race of old Laomedon,
 And fam'd for prowess on a well-fought field ;
 He pierc'd the centre of his sounding shield :
 But Meges, Phyleus' ample breast-plate wore,
 (Well known in fight on Selles' winding shore ;
 For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,
 Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale),
 Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won,
 Had sav'd the father, and now saves the son.

Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,
 Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,
 New ting'd with Tyrian dye : In dust below
 Shorn from the crest, the purple honours glow.
 Meantime their fight the Spartan king survey'd,
 And stood by Meges' side, a sudden aid,
 Through Dolop's shoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
 Which held its passage through the panting heart,
 And issu'd at his breast. With thund'ring sound
 The warrior falls, extended on the ground.
 In rush the conqu'ring Greeks to spoil the slain ;
 But Hector's voice excites his kindred train ;
 The hero most, from Hicetaon sprung,
 Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young,
 He (ere to Troy the Grecians cross'd the main)
 Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain ;
 But, when oppress'd, his country claim'd his care,
 Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war :
 For this, in Priam's court he held his place,
 Belov'd no less than Priam's royal race.
 Him Hector singled, as his troops he led,
 And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead.

Lo Melanippus ! lo where Dolops lies ;
 And is it thus our royal kinsman dies ?
 O'ermatch'd he falls ; to two at once a prey,
 And lo ; they bear the bloody arms away !
 Come on——a distant war no longer wage,
 But hand to hand thy country's foes engage ;
 Till Greece at once and all her glory end ;
 Or Ilion from her tow'ry height descend,
 Heav'd from the lowest stone, and bury all
 In one sad sepulchre, one common fall.

Hector (this said) rush'd forward on the foes :
 With equal ardour Melanippus glows :
 Then Ajax thus——O Greeks! respect your fame,
 Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame;
 Let mutual rev'rence mutual warmth inspire,
 And catch from breast to breast the noble fire.
 On valour's side the odds of combat lie,
 The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
 The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
 Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.

His gen'rous sense he not in vain imparts ;
 It sunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts.
 They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
 And flank the navy with a brazen wall ;
 Shields touching shields, in order blaze above,
 And stop the Trojans, though impell'd by Jove.
 The fiery Spartan first, with loud applause,
 Warms the bold son of Nestor in his cause.
 Is there (he said) in arms a youth like you,
 So strong to fight, so active to pursue?
 Why stand you distant, nor attempt a deed ?
 Lift the bold lance, and make some Trojan bleed.

He said; and backward to the lines retir'd ;
 Forth rush'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
 Beyond the foremost ranks ; his lance he threw,
 And round the black battalions casts his view.
 The troops of Troy recede with sudden fear,
 While the swift jav'lin hiss'd along in air.
 Advancing Melanippus met the dart
 With his bold breast, and felt it in his heart :
 Thund'ring he falls ; his falling arms resound,
 And his broad buckler rings against the ground,

The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize;
 Thus on a roe the well-breath'd eagle flies,
 And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the dart
 The distant hunter sent into his heart.
 Observing Hector to the rescue flew;
 Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew.
 So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,
 Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd swain;
 While conscious of the deed, he glares around,
 And hears the gath'ring multitude resound,
 Timely he flies the yet untasted food,
 And gains the friendly shelter of the wood.
 So fears the youth; all Troy with shouts pursue,
 While stones and darts in mingled tempests flew;
 But enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns
 His manly breast, and with new fury burns.

Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
 Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove.
 The fire of gods, confirming Thetis' pray'r,
 The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair;
 But lifts to glory Troy's prevailing bands,
 Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their hands.

On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
 To view the navy blazing to the skies;
 Then, nor till then, the scale of war shall turn,
 The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn.
 These fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,
 He raises Hector to the work design'd,
 Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
 And drives him, like a lightning, on the foe.
 So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
 Shakes his huge jav'lin, and whole armies fall.

Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
Wraps the vast mountains, and involves the poles.
He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow
Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow:
The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
For Jove his splendour round the chief had thrown,
And cast the blaze of both the hosts on one.
Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
Due to stern Pallas, and Pelides' spear:
Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
And gave what fate allow'd, the honours of a day!
Now all on fire for fame, his breast, his eyes
Burn at each foe, and single ev'ry prize;
Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight,
He points his ardour, and exerts his might.
The Grecian phalanx moveless as a tow'r
On all sides batter'd, yet resists his pow'r:
So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain,
Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempest blow,
And sees the wat'ry mountains break below.
Girt in surrounding flames, he seems to fall
Like fire from Jove, and bursts upon them all;
Bursts as a wave that from the clouds impends,
And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends;
White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
Howl o'er the masts, and sing through ev'ry shroud.
Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears;
And instant death on ev'ry wave appears.
So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
The chief so thunders, and so shakes the fleet.

As when a lion, rushing from his den,
 Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen,
 (Where num'rous oxen, as at ease they feed,
 At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead);
 Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes;
 The trembling herdsman far to distance flies:
 Some lordly bull (the rest dispers'd and fled)
 He singles out, arrests, and lays him dead.
 Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
 All Greece in heaps; but one he seiz'd, and slew;
 Mycenian Periphes, a mighty name,
 In wisdom great, in arms well known to fame;
 The minister of stern Eurystheus' ire,
 Against Alcides, Copreus was his fire:
 The son redeem'd the honours of the race,
 A son as gen'rous as the sire was base;
 O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far
 In ev'ry virtue, or of peace or war:
 But doom'd to Hector's stronger force to yield
 Against the margin of his ample shield
 He struck his hasty foot: His heels up sprung;
 Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.
 On the fall'n chief th' invading Trojan prest,
 And plung'd the pointed jav'lin in his breast.
 His circling friends, who strove to guard too late
 Th' unhappy hero, fled, or shar'd his fate.

Chas'd from the foremost line, the Grecian train
 Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main:
 Wedg'd in one body at the tents they stand,
 Wall'd round with sterns, a gloomy desp'rate band:
 Now manly shame forbids the inglorious flight;
 Now fear itself confines them to the fight:

Man courage breathes in man ; but Nestor most
 (The sage preserver of the Grecian host)
 Exhorts, adjures, to guard these utmost shores ;
 And by their parents, by themselves, implores.

O friends ! be men ; your gen'rous breasts inflame
 With mutual honour, and with mutual shame !
 Think of your hopes, your fortunes ; all the care
 Your wives, your infants, and your parents share :
 Think of each living father's rev'rend head :
 Think of each ancestor with glory dead ;
 Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue ;
 They ask their safety, and their fame, from you :
 The Gods their fates on this one action lay,
 And all are lost, if you desert the day.

He spoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires ;
 Minerva seconds what the sage inspires.
 The mist of darkness Jove around them threw
 She clear'd, restoring all the war to view ;
 A sudden ray shot beaming o'er the plain,
 And shew'd the shores, the navy, and the main :
 Hector they saw, and all who fly or fight,
 The scene wide-opening to the blaze of light.
 First of the field great Ajax strikes their eyes,
 His port majestic, and his ample size :
 A pond'rous mace with studs of iron crown'd,
 Full twenty cubits long he swings around :
 Nor fights like others fix'd to certain stands,
 But looks a moving tow'r above the bands ;
 High on the decks, with vast gigantic stride,
 The godlike hero stalks from side to side.
 So when a horseman from the wat'ry mead
 (Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed)

Drives four fair courfers, practis'd to obey,
 To some great city thro' the public way;
 Safe in his art, as side by side they run,
 He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one;
 And now to this, and now to that he flies;
 Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.

From ship to ship thus Ajax swiftly flew,
 No less the wonder of the warring crew.
 As furious Hector thunder'd threats aloud,
 And rush'd enrag'd before the Trojan croud:
 Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky prores
 Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores:
 So the strong eagle from his airy height,
 Who marks the swans' or cranes' embody'd flight,
 Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
 And stooping, darkens with his wings the flood,
 Jove leads him on with his almighty hand,
 And breathes fresh spirits in his following band.
 The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
 Thick beats the combat on the founding prores.
 Thou wouldst have thought, so furious was their fire,
 No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
 As if new vigour from new fights they won,
 And the long battle was but then begun.
 Greece, yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
 Secure of death, confiding in despair;
 Troy in proud hopes already view'd the main
 Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain!
 Like strength is felt from hope and from despair,
 And each contends as his were all the war.

'Twas thou, bold Hector! whose resistless hand
 First seiz'd a ship on that contested strand;

The same which dead Protefilaus bore,
The first that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan shore :
For this in arms the warring nations stood,
And bath'd their gen'rous breasts with mutual blood.
No room to poize the lance, or bend the bow ;
But hand to hand, and man to man they grow :
Wounded they wound, and seek each other's hearts
With faulchions, axes, swords, and shorten'd darts.
The faulchions ring, shields rattle, axes sound,
Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground ;
With streaming blood the slipp'ry shores are dy'd,
And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

Still raging Hector, with his ample hand
Grasps the high stern, and gives this loud command.

Haste, bring the flames ! the toil of ten long years
Is finish'd ; and the day desir'd appears !
This happy day with acclamations greet,
Bright with destruction of yon hostile fleet.
The coward counsels of a tim'rous throng
Of rev'rend dottards, check'd our glory long :
Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
But now in peals of thunder calls to arms :
In this great day he crowns our full desires,
Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires.

He spoke—the warriors, at his fierce command,
Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.
Ev'n Ajax paus'd, (so thick the jav'lins fly),
Stept back, and doubted or to live or die.
Yet where the oars are plac'd he stands to wait
What chief attempting dares attempt his fate :
Ev'n to the last his naval charge defends,
Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now portends ;

Ev'n yet, the Greeks with piercing shouts inspires,
Amidst attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.

O friends! O heroes! names for ever dear,
Once sons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war!

Ah! yet be mindful of your old renown,
Your great forefather's virtues and your own.

What aids expect you in this utmost strait?

What bulwarks rising between you and fate?

No aids, no bulwarks, your retreat attend,

No friends to help, no city to defend.

This spot is all you have, to lose or keep;

There stand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.

'Tis hostile ground you tread; your native lands

Far, far from hence; your fates are in your hands.

Raging he spoke; nor farther wastes his breath,
But turns his jav'lin to the work of death.

Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,

Against the fable ships, with flaming brands,

So well the chief his naval weapon sped,

The luckless warrior at his stern lay dead;

Full twelve, the boldest, in a moment fell,

Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

T H E

I L I A D.

B O O K XVI.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The sixth Battle : The Acts and Death of Patroclus.

Patroclus (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) entreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles's troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without farther pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers of Achilles are described: Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles's armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation: He beats them off from the vessels. Hector himself flies: Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described, in the heat of which Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulses and disarms him. Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him; which concludes the book.

THE

ILLIAD

BOOK XVI

THE ARGUMENT.

The book begins with the death of Patroclus, who is pursued at the request of Hector in the tenth book) enters Achilles in order to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles's troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with retreating the day without farther pursuit of the enemy. The weapons, horses, soldiers, and officers of Achilles are described. Achilles offers a libation for the friends of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans, at the sight of the Greeks in Achilles's armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation: he beats them off from the vessels. Hector himself dies: Hectoron is killed, though Jupiter was against him. Several other particulars of the battle are described, in the heat of which Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the Trojans to the walls of Troy: when Apollo repulses and drives him. Paphosag wounds him, and Hector kills him; which concludes the book.

BOOK XVI.

SO warr'd both armies on th' enfanguin'd shore,
While the black vessels smok'd with human gore.
Meantime Patroclus to Achilles flies;
The streaming tears fall copious from his eyes;
Not faster, trickling to the plains below,
From the tall rock the fable waters flow.
Divine Pelides, with compassion mov'd,
Thus spoke, indulgent, to his best belov'd.

Patroclus, say, what grief thy bosom bears,
That flows so fast in these unmanly tears?
No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps
From her lov'd breast, with fonder passion weeps;
Not more the mother's soul that infant warms,
Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
Than thou hast mine! O tell me, to what end
Thy melting sorrows thus pursue thy friend!

Griev'st thou for me, or for my martial band?
Or come sad tidings from our native land?
Our fathers live, (our first, most tender care),
Thy good Menoetius breathes the vital air,
And hoary Peleus yet extends his days,
Pleas'd in their age to hear their childrens praise.

Or may some meaner cause thy pity claim?
Perhaps yon reliques of the Grecian name,
Doom'd in their ships to sink by fire and sword,
And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
Whate'er the cause, reveal thy secret care,
And speak those sorrows which a friend would share.

A sigh that instant from his bosom broke,
Another follow'd, and Patroclus spoke.

Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast,
Thyself a Greek, and once of Greeks the best!
Lo! ev'ry chief that might her fate prevent,
Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.
Eurypylus, Tydides, Atreus' son,
And wise Ulysses at the navy groan,
More for their country's wounds than for their own.
Their pain soft arts of pharmacy can ease;
Thy breast alone no lenitives appease.

May never rage like thine my soul inflame,
O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
Thy country slighted in her last distress,
What friend, what man, from thee shall hope redress?
No—men unborn, and ages yet behind,
Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind.

O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace,
Nor ever am'rous hero caus'd thy birth,
Nor ever tender goddess brought thee forth.
Some rugged rock's hard intrails gave thee form,
And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm;
A soul well suiting that tempestuous kind,
So rough thy manners, so untam'd thy mind.

If some dire oracle thy breast alarm,
If aught from Jove, or Thetis, stop thy arm,
Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
Proud Troy shall tremble, and desert the war.

Without thy person Greece shall win the day,
 And thy mere image chase her foes away.
 Press'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
 Shall quit the ships, and Greece respire again.
 Thus, blind to fate! with supplicating breath,
 Thou begg'st his arms, and in his arms thy death.
 Unfortunately good! a bodding sigh
 Thy friend return'd, and with it this reply.

Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears:
 Nor words from Jove, nor oracles he hears;
 Nor aught a mother's caution can suggest;
 The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breast.
 My wrongs, my wrongs, my constant thought engage,
 Those, my sole oracles, inspire my rage:
 I made him tyrant: Gave him pow'r to wrong
 Ev'n me: I felt it; and shall feel it long.
 The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
 Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;
 Due to my conquest of her father's reign;
 Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.
 From me he forc'd her; me the bold and brave;
 Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the meanest slave.
 But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are past!
 'Tis time our fury should relent at last:
 I fix'd its date; the day I wish'd appears:
 Now Hector to my ships his battle bears,
 The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears.
 Go then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms
 In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms:
 Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight;
 Go save the fleets, and conquer in my right.

See the thin reliques of their baffled band,
 At the last edge of yon deserted land!
 Behold all Ilion on their ships descends;
 How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends!
 It was not thus, when, at my sight amaz'd,
 Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd:
 Had not th' injurious king our friendship lost,
 Yon ample trench had bury'd half her host.
 No camps, no bulwarks now the Trojans fear,
 Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there;
 No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' son;
 No more your gen'ral calls his heroes on:
 Hector alone I hear; his dreadful breath
 Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your death.
 Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain;
 Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,
 And give the Greeks to visit Greece again. }
 But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,
 Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,
 And from thy deeds expects th' Achaian host
 Shall render back the beauteous maid he lost:
 Rage uncontroll'd through all the hostile crew,
 But touch not Hector, Hector is my due.
 Though Jove in thunder should command the war,
 Be just, consult my glory, and forbear.
 The fleet once sav'd, desist from farther chace,
 Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race;
 Some adverse god thy rashness may destroy;
 Some god, like Phoebus, ever kind to Troy.
 Let Greece, redeem'd from this destructive strait,
 Do her own work, and leave the rest to fate.

Oh ! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,
 Apollo, Pallas, and almighty Jove !
 That not one Trojan might be left alive,
 And not a Greek of all the race survive ;
 Might only we the vast destruction shun,
 And only we destroy th' accursed town !

Such conf'rence held the chiefs ; while, on the strand,
 Great Jove with conquest crown'd the Trojan band.
 Ajax no more the sounding storm sustain'd,
 So thick the darts an iron tempest rain'd :
 On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung ;
 His hollow helm with falling jav'ins rung ;
 His breath in quick short pantings comes and goes ;
 And painful sweat from all his members flows :
 Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at most ;
 Yet scarce an army stirs him from his post ;
 Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
 And toil to toil, and wo succeeds to wo.

Say, Muses thron'd above the starry frame,
 How first the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame.

Stern Hector wav'd his sword : And, standing near
 Where furious Ajax ply'd his ashen spear,
 Full on the lance a stroke so justly sped,
 That the broad faulchion lopp'd its brazen head :
 His pointless spear the warrior shakes in vain ;
 The brazen head falls founding on the plain.
 Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine ;
 Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign,
 Warn'd, he retreats. Then swift from all sides pour
 The hissing brands ; thick streams the fiery show'rs ;
 O'er the high stern the curling volumes rise,
 And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies.

Divine Achilles view'd the rising flames,
 And smote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims.
 Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aspires!
 The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
 Arm, ere our vessels catch the spreading flame;
 Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
 I haste to bring the troops—The hero said;
 The friend with ardour and with joy obey'd.
 He cas'd his limbs in brass; and first around
 His manly legs, with silver buckles bound
 The clasping greaves; then to his breast applies
 The flaming cuirass of a thousand dyes;
 Emblaz'd with studs of gold his faulchion shone
 In the rich belt, as in a starry zone:
 Achilles' shield his ample shoulders spread;
 Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head:
 Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
 He flash'd around intolerable day.
 Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' jav'lin stands,
 Not to be pois'd but by Pelides' hands;
 From Pelion's shady brow the plant entire
 Old Chiron rent, and shap'd it for his fire;
 Whose son's great arm alone the weapon wields,
 The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.
 Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
 The second to his lord in love and fame,
 In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
 The winged courfers harness'd to the car;
 Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
 Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in speed;
 Whom the wing'd harpy, swift Podarge bore,
 By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy shore:

Swift Pedasus was added to their side,
 (Once great Aetion's, now Achilles' pride)
 Who, like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace,
 A mortal courser match'd th' immortal race.
 Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warms
 His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
 All breathing death, around their chief they stand,
 A grim, terrific, formidable band :
 Grim as voracious wolves, that seek the springs,
 When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings ;
 When some tall stag, fresh-slaughter'd in the wood,
 Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with blood,
 To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
 With paunch distended, and with rolling tongue ;
 Fire fills their eyes, their black jaws belch the gore,
 And, gorg'd with slaughter, still they thirst for more.
 Like furious rush'd the Myrmidonian crew,
 Such their dread strength, and such their deathful
 view.

High in the midst the great Achilles stands,
 Directs their order, and the war commands.
 He, lov'd of Jove, had launch'd for Ilion's shores
 Full fifty vessels, mann'd with fifty oars :
 Five chosen leaders the fierce bands obey,
 Himself supreme in valour as in sway.

First march'd Menestheus, of celestial birth,
 Deriv'd from thee whose waters wash the earth,
 Divine Sperchius ! Jove-descended flood !
 A mortal mother mixing with a god.
 Such was Menestheus, but miscall'd by fame
 The son of Borus, that espous'd the dame.

Eudorus next ; whom Polymele the gay,
 Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
 Her fly Cellenius lov'd, on her would gaze,
 As with swift step she form'd the running maze :
 To her high chamber, from Diana's quire,
 The god pursu'd her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.
 The son confess'd his father's heav'nly race,
 And heir'd his mother's swiftnefs in the chace.
 Strong Echeclus, bless'd in all those charms
 That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms ;
 Not conscious of her loves, long hid from fame,
 With gifts of price he fought, and won the dame :
 Her secret offspring to her fire she bare ;
 Her fire caress'd him with a parent's care.

Pisander follow'd ; matchless in his art
 To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart ;
 No hand so sure of all th' Emathian line,
 Or if a surer, great Patroclus ! thine.

The fourth by Phoenix' grave command was grac'd,
 Laerces' valiant offspring led the last.

Soon as Achilles, with superior care,
 Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
 This stern remembrance to his troops he gave :
 Ye far-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave !
 Think with what threats you dar'd the Trojan throng,
 Think what reproach these ears endur'd so long,
 " Stern son of Peleus," (thus you us'd to say,
 While restless, raging, in your ships you lay.)
 " Oh nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield !
 " Whose rage defrauds us of so fam'd a field.
 " If that dire fury must for ever burn,
 " What make we here ? Return, ye chiefs, return !"

Such were your words—now, warriors, grieve no more.

Lo there the Trojans! bathe your swords in gore!
 This day shall give you all your soul demands;
 Glut all your hearts! and weary all your hands!
 Thus while he rous'd the fire in ev'ry breast,
 Close and more close the list'ning cohorts prest;
 Ranks wedg'd in ranks; of arms a steely ring
 Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the king.
 As when a circling wall the builder forms
 Of strength defensive against wind and storms,
 Compacted stones the thick'ning work compose,
 And round him wide the rising structure grows:
 So helm to helm, and crest to crest they throng,
 Shield urg'd on shield, and man drove man along;
 Thick undistinguish'd plumes, together join'd,
 Float in one sea, and wave before the wind.

Far o'er the rest, in glitt'ring pomp appear
 There, bold Eutomedon, Patroclus here;
 Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd;
 Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspir'd.

But mindful of the gods, Achilles went
 To the rich coffer in his shady tent:
 There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
 And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold;
 (The presents of the silver-footed dame):
 From thence he took a bowl of antique frame,
 Which never man had stain'd with ruddy wine,
 Nor rais'd in off'rings to the pow'rs divine,
 But Peleus' son; and Peleus' son to none
 Had rais'd in off'rings, but to Jove alone.

This ting'd with sulphur, saered first to flame,
 He purg'd, and wash'd it in the running stream.
 Then cleans'd his hands; and fixing for a space
 His eyes on heav'n, his feet upon the place
 Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
 Forth in the midst, and thus the god implor'd.

Oh thou supreme! high-thron'd all height above!
 Oh great Pelasgic, Dodonaean Jove!
 Who 'midst surrounding frosts, and vapours chill,
 Presid'st on bleak Dodona's vocal hill;
 (Whose groves the Selli, race austere! surround,
 Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground;
 Who hear, from rustling oaks, thy dark decrees,
 And catch the fates, low-whisper'd in the breeze).
 Hear, as of old! Thou gav'st, at Thetis' pray'r,
 Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair.
 Lo, to the dangers of the fighting field
 The best, the dearest of my friends I yield:
 'Though still determin'd, to my ships confin'd,
 Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind.
 Oh! be his guard thy providential care,
 Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war:
 Press'd by his single force, let Hector see
 His fame in arms not owing all to me;
 But when the fleets are sav'd from foes and fire,
 Let him with conquest and renown retire;
 Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,
 And safe return him to these eyes again!

Great Jove consents to half the chief's request;
 But heav'n's eternal doom denies the rest;
 To free the fleet was granted to his pray'r;
 His safe return, the winds dispers'd in air.

Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.

Meanwhile the troops beneath Patroclus' care,
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
As wasps, provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their mansions by the broad highway,
In swarms the guiltless traveller engage,
Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage :
All rise in arms, and with a gen'ral cry,
Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms,
So loud their clamours, and so keen their arms ;
Their rising rage Patroclus' breath inspires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires.

Oh warriors, partners of Achilles' praise !
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days ;
Your godlike master let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think, your Achilles sees you fight : Be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you save.

Joyful they heard, and kindling as he spoke,
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and smoke.
From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound,
The hollow ships return a deeper sound.
The war stood still, and all around them gaz'd,
When great Achilles' shining armour blaz'd :
Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh,
At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.

Then first thy spear, divine Patroclus ! flew,
Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult grew.
Close to the stern of that fam'd ship, which bore
Unblest'd Protefilaus to Ilion's shore,

The great Poconian, bold Pyraechmes, stood ;
 (Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood) ;
 His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound ;
 The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.
 His troops, that see their country's glory slain,
 Fly diverse, scatter'd o'er the distant plain.
 Patroclus' arm forbids the spreading fires,
 And from the half-burnt ship proud Troy retires :
 Clear'd from the smoke the joyful navy lies :
 In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous flies ;
 Triumphant Greece her rescu'd decks ascends,
 And loud acclaim the starry region rends.
 So when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
 O'er heav'n's expanse like one black ceiling spread :
 Sudden, the thund'rer, with a flashing ray,
 Bursts through the darkness, and lets down the day :
 The hills shine out, the rocks in prospect rise,
 And streams, and vales, and forests strike the eyes,
 The smiling scene wide opens to the sight,
 And all th' unmeasur'd aether flames with light.

But Troy repuls'd, and scatter'd o'er the plains,
 Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
 Now ev'ry Greek some hostile hero slew ;
 But still the foremost, bold Patroclus flew ;
 As Areilycus had turn'd him round,
 Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound ;
 The brazen-pointed spear, with vigour thrown,
 The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone :
 Headlong he fell. Next, Thoas, was thy chance,
 Thy breast, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
 Phylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh)
 His blow prevented, and transpierc'd his thigh,

Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away :
In darkness, and in death, the warrior lay.

In equal arms two sons of Nestor stand,
And two bold brothers of the Lycian band :
By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies,
Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth ! he lies.
Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound,
Defends the breathless carcase on the ground.
Furious he flies, his murd'rer to engage ;
But godlike Thrasimed prevents his rage,
Between his arm and shoulder aims a blow :
His arm falls spouting on the dust below :
He sinks, with endless darkness cover'd o'er ;
And vents his soul effus'd with gushing gore.

Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
Sarpedon's friends, Amisodarus' feed :
Amisodarus, who, by furies led,
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Skill'd in the dart in vain, his sons expire,
And pay the forfeit of their guilty fire.

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A living prize not long the Trojan stood ;
The thirsty faulchion drank his reeking blood :
Plung'd in his throat the smoaking weapon lies ;
Black death, and fate unpitying, seal his eyes.

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 (Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood) ;
 His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound ;
 The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.
 His troops, that see their country's glory slain,
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 O'er heav'n's expanse like one black ceiling spread :
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But Troy repuls'd, and scatter'd o'er the plains,
 Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.
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 As Areilycus had turn'd him round,
 Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound ;
 The brazen-pointed spear, with vigour thrown,
 The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone :
 Headlong he fell. Next, Thoas, was thy chance,
 Thy breast, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
 Phylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh)
 His blow prevented, and transpierc'd his thigh,

Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away :
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The sword broke short; but his, Peneleus sped
Full on the juncture of the neck and head :
The head, divided by a stroke so just,
Hung by the skin : The body sunk to dust.

O'ertaken Neamas by Merion bleeds,
Pierc'd through the shoulder as he mounts his steeds ;
Back from the car he tumbles to the ground :
His swimming eyes eternal shades surround.

Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,
His open'd mouth receiv'd the Cretan steel :
Beneath the brain the point a passage tore,
Crush'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore ;
His mouth, his eyes, his nostrils, pour a flood ;
He sobs his soul out in the gush of blood.

As when the flocks neglected by the swain
(Or kids, or lambs) lie scatter'd o'er the plain,
A troop of wolves th' unguarded charge survey,
And rend the trembling, unresisting prey :
Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came :
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.

But still at Hector godlike Ajax aim'd,
Still, pointed at his breast, his jav'lin flam'd :
The Trojan chief, experienc'd in the field,
O'er his broad shoulders spread the massy shield ;
Observ'd the storm of darts the Grecians pour,
And on his buckler caught the ringing show'r.
He sees for Greece the scale of conquest rise,
Yet stops, and turns, and saves his lov'd allies.

As when the hand of Jove a tempest forms,
And rolls the cloud to blacken heav'n with storms,
Dark o'er the fields th' ascending vapour flies,
And shades the sun, and blots the golden skies :

So from the ships, along the dusky plain,
 Dire Flight and Terror drove the Trojan train:
 Ev'n Hector fled; through heaps of disarray
 The fiery courfers forc'd their lord away:
 While far behind his Trojans fall confus'd;
 Wedg'd in the trench, in one vast carnage bruis'd:
 Chariots on chariots roll; the clashing spokes
 Shock; while the madding steeds break short their
 yokes:

In vain they labour up the steepy mound;
 Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground:
 Eierce on the rear, with shouts, Patroclus flies;
 Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and skies;
 Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight;
 Clouds rise on clouds, and heav'n is snatch'd from
 sight.

Th' affrighted steeds their dying lords cast down,
 Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town.
 Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry.
 Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest die,
 Where horse and arms and chariots lie o'erthrown,
 And bleeding heroes under axles groan.
 No stop, no check, the steeds of Peleus knew;
 From bank to bank th' immortal courfers flew,
 High-bounding o'er the fosse: The whirling car
 Smokes through the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,
 And thunders after Hector; Hector flies,
 Patroclus shakes his lance; but fate denies.
 Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,
 The tide of Trojans urge their desp'rate course,
 Than when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
 And earth is loaden with incessant show'rs,

(When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
 And judges brib'd, betray the righteous cause) :
 From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,
 And opens all the flood-gates of the skies ;
 Th' impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
 Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept away ;
 Loud roars the deluge till it meets the main ;
 And trembling man sees all his labours vain.

And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd)
 Back to the ships his destin'd progress held,
 Bore down half Troy in his resistless way,
 And forc'd the routed ranks to stand the day.
 Between the space where silver Simois flows,
 Where lay the fleets, and where the rampiers rose,
 All grim in dust and blood, Patroclus stands,
 And turns the slaughter on the conqu'ring bands.
 First Pronous dy'd beneath his fiery dart,
 Which pierc'd below the shield his valiant heart.
 Thestor was next ; who saw the chief appear,
 And fell the victim of his coward fear ;
 Shrunk up he sat, with wild and haggard eye,
 Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly :
 Patroclus mark'd him as he shunn'd the war,
 And with unmanly tremblings shook the car,
 And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws
 The jav'lin sticks, and from the chariot draws.
 As on a rock that overhangs the main,
 An angler, studious of the line and cane,
 Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore ;
 Not with less ease the barbed jav'lin bore
 The gaping dastard : As the spear was shook,
 He fell, and life his heartless breast forsook.

Next on Eryalus he flies ; a stone
 Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown :
 Full on his crown the pond'rous fragment flew,
 And burst the helm, and cleft the head in two :
 Prone to the ground the breathless warrior fell,
 And death involv'd him with the shades of hell.
 Then low in dust Epaltes, Echius lie ;
 Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die ;
 Amphoterus, and Erymas succeed ;
 And last Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed.
 Where'er he moves, the growing slaughters spread
 In heaps on heaps, a monument of dead.

When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
 Grov'ling on dust, and gasping on the field,
 With this reproach his flying host he warms,
 Oh stain to honour ! oh disgrace to arms !
 Forsake, inglorious, the contended plain ;
 This hand, unaided, shall the war sustain.
 The task be mine, this hero's strength to try,
 Who mowes whole troops, and makes an army fly.
 He spake ; and, speaking, leaps from off the car ;
 Patroclus lights, and sternly waits the war.
 As when two vultures, on the mountain's height,
 Stoop with resounding pinions to the fight ;
 They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry :
 The desert echoes, and the rocks reply :
 The warriors, thus oppos'd in arms, engage
 With equal clamours, and with equal rage.

Jove view'd the combat ; whose event foreseen,
 He thus bespoke his sister and his queen.
 The hour draws on ; the destinies ordain
 My godlike son shall press the Phrygian plain :

Already on the verge of death he stands ;
 His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.
 What passions in a parent's breast debate !
 Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate,
 And send him safe to Lycia, distant far
 From all the dangers and the toils of war ;
 Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,
 And fatten with celestial blood the field ?

Then thus the goddess with the radiant eyes :
 What words are these ? O sov'reign of the skies !
 Short is the date prescrib'd to mortal man ;
 Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow span,
 Whose bounds were fix'd before his race began ?
 How many sons of gods, foredoom'd to death,
 Before proud Ilion must resign their breath !
 Were thine exempt, debate would rise above,
 And murm'ring pow'rs condemn their partial Jove.
 Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight ;
 And when th' ascending soul has wing'd her flight,
 Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
 The breathless body to his native land.
 His friends and people, to his future praise,
 A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,
 And lasting honours to his ashes give ;
 His fame ('tis all the dead can have) shall live.
 She said : The cloud-compeller overcome,
 Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom.
 Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heav'ns distill'd
 A show'r of blood o'er all the fatal field ;
 The god, his eyes averting from the plain,
 Laments his son, destin'd to be slain,
 Far from the Lycian shores, his happy native reign.

Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
 Each heav'd the shield, and pois'd the lifted spear :
 From strong Patroclus' hand the jav'lin fled,
 And pass'd the groin of valiant Thrasymed ;
 The nerves unbrac'd, no more his bulk sustain,
 He falls, and, falling, bites the bloody plain.
 Two sounding darts the Lycian leader threw ;
 The first aloof with erring fury flew ;
 The next transpierc'd Achilles' mortal steed,
 The gen'rous Pedasus, of Theban breed ;
 Fix'd in the shoulder's joint, he reel'd around,
 Roll'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slipp'ry
 ground.

His sudden fall th' entangled harness broke ;
 Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook :
 When bold Automedon, to disengage
 The starting courfers, and restrain their rage,
 Divides the traces with his sword, and freed
 Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying steed ;
 The rest move on, obedient to the rein ;
 The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.

The tow'ring chiefs to fiercer fight advance,
 And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,
 Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
 And spent in empty air its dying force.
 Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart ;
 Aim'd at his breast, it pierc'd the mortal part
 Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart. }
 Then, as the mountain-oak, or poplar tall,
 Or pine (fit mast for some great admiral)
 Nods to the axe, till, with a groaning sound,
 It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground :

Thus fell the king ; and, laid on earth supine,
 Before his chariot stretch'd the form divine :
 He grasp'd the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
 And pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.
 So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
 While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws
 The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking blood ;
 Deep groans and hollow roars rebellow through the
 wood.

Then to the leader of the Lycian band
 The dying chief address'd his last command.
 Glaucus, be bold ; thy task be first to dare
 The glorious danger of destructive war,
 To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
 Incite the living, and supply the dead.
 Tell 'em, I charg'd them with my latest breath,
 Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death.
 What grief, what shame must Glaucus undergo,
 If these spoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe ?
 Then as a friend, and as a warrior fight ;
 Defend my corpse, and conquer in my right :
 That, taught by great examples, all may try
 Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die.

He ceas'd : The fates suppress'd his lab'ring breath,
 And his eyes darken'd with the shades of death.
 Th' insulting victor with disdain bestrode
 The prostrate prince, and on his bosom trode ;
 Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
 The reeking fibres clinging to the dart ;
 From the wide wound gush'd out a stream of blood,
 And the soul issu'd in the purple flood.

His flying steeds the Myrmidons detain,
 Unguided now, their mighty master slain.
 All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,
 Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief.
 His painful arm, yet useless with the smart
 Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,
 Supported on his better hand he stay'd;
 To Phoebus then ('twas all he could) he pray'd.

All-seeing monarch! whether Lycia's coast,
 Or sacred Ilion, thy bright presence boast,
 Pow'rful alike to ease the wretch's smart:
 Oh hear me! god of ev'ry healing art!
 Lo! stiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,
 That thrills my arm, and shoots through ev'ry vein;
 I stand unable to sustain the spear,
 And sigh at distance from the glorious war.
 Low in the dust is great Sarpedon laid,
 Nor Jove vouchsaf'd his hapless offspring aid.
 But thou! O God of Health! thy succour lend,
 To guard the reliques of my slaughter'd friend.
 For thou, though distant, canst restore my might,
 To head my Lycians, and support the fight.

Apollo heard; and, suppliant as he stood,
 His heav'nly hand restrain'd the flux of blood:
 He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
 And breath'd a spirit in his rising heart.
 Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,
 And owns th' assistance of immortal hands:
 First to the fight his native troops he warms,
 Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms;
 With ample strides he stalks from place to place;
 Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas;

Æneas next, and Hector he accosts;
Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts.

What thoughts, regardless chief! thy breast employ?
Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy!
Those gen'rous friends, who, from their country far,
Breathe their brave souls out in another's war.
See! where in dust the great Sarpedon lies,
In action valiant, and in council wise,
Who guarded right, and kept his people free;
To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee!
Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,
Oh save from hostile rage his lov'd remains:
Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boast,
Nor on his corpse revenge her heroes lost!

He spoke; each leader in his grief partook,
Troy, at the loss, through all her legions shook.
Transfix'd with deep regret, they view'd o'erthrow'n
At once his country's pillar, and their own;
A chief who led to Troy's beleaguer'd wall
A host of heroes, and outshin'd them all.
Fir'd they rush on; first Hector seeks the foes,
And with superior vengeance greatly glows.

But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands,
And, rousing Ajax, rous'd the list'ning bands.

Heroes, be men! be what you were before;
Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.
The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,
Lies pale in death, extended on the field.
To guard his body Troy in numbers flies;
'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.
Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter round him spread,
And send the living Lycians to the dead.

The heroes kindle at his fierce command ;
 The martial squadrons close on either hand :
 Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,
 Theſſalia there, and Greece, oppoſe their arms,
 With horrid ſhouts they circle round the ſlain ;
 The claſh of armour rings o'er all the plain.
 Great Jove, to ſwell the horrors of the fight,
 O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious Night,
 And round his ſon confounds the warring hoſts,
 His fate ennobling with a croud of ghoſts.

Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls :
 Agacleus' ſon, from Budium's lofty walls :
 Who chac'd for murder thence, a ſuppliant came
 To Peleus, and the ſilver-footed dame :
 Now ſent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
 He pays due vengeance to his kinfman's ſhade.
 Soon as his luckleſs hand had touch'd the dead,
 A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head ;
 Hurl'd by Hectorian force, it cleft in twain
 His ſhatter'd helm, and ſtretch'd him o'er the ſlain.

Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came,
 And, like an eagle darting at his game,
 Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band :
 What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand,
 Oh gen'rous Greek ! when, with full vigour thrown
 At Sthenelaus flew the weighty ſtone,
 Which funk him to the dead ; when Troy, too near
 That arm, drew back, and Hector learn'd to fear.
 Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
 Or at the liſts, or at the fighting foe ;
 So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd ;
 Till Glaucus turning, all the reſt inspir'd.

Then Bathyclaeus fell beneath his rage,
 The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age :
 Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain,
 With stately seats and riches blest'd in vain :
 Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue
 The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and flew;
 Pierc'd through the bosom with a sudden wound,
 He fell, and, falling, made the fields resound.
 Th' Achaians sorrow for their hero slain ;
 With conqu'ring shouts the Trojans shake the plain,
 And croud to spoil the dead : The Greeks oppose ;
 An iron circle round the carcase grows.

Then brave Laogonus resign'd his breath,
 Dispatch'd by Merion to the shades of death :
 On Ida's holy hill he made abode,
 The priest of Jove, and honour'd like his god.
 Between the jaw and ear the jav'lin went ;
 The soul, exhaling, issu'd at the vent.
 His spear Æneas at the victor threw,
 Who stooping forward, from the death withdrew ;
 The lance hiss'd harmless o'er his cov'ring shield,
 And trembling struck, and rooted in the field ;
 There, yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain,
 Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.
 Swift as thou art (the raging hero cries)
 And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize,
 My spear, the destin'd passage had it found,
 Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.

Oh valiant leader of the Dardan host !
 (Insulted Merion thus retorts the boast),
 Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you trust ;
 An arm as strong may stretch thee in the dust.

And if to this my lance thy fate be giv'n,
 Vain are thy vaunts ; success is still from heav'n :
 This instant sends thee down to Pluto's coast ;
 Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghost.

O friend, (Menoetius' son this answer gave),
 With words to combat ill befits the brave :
 Not empty boasts the sons of Troy repel ;
 Your swords must plunge them to the shades of hell.
 To speak, befits the council ; but to dare,
 In glorious action, is the task of war.

This said, Patroclus to the battle flies ;
 Great Merion follows, and new shouts arise :
 Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors close ;
 And thick and heavy sounds the storm of blows.
 As through the shrilling vale, or mountain-ground,
 The labours of the woodman's axe resound ;
 Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,
 While crackling forests fall on ev'ry side :
 Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms ;
 So fell the warriors, and so rung their arms.

Now great Sarpedon, on the sandy shore,
 His heav'nly form defac'd with dust and gore,
 And stuck with darts, by warring heroes shed,
 Lies undistinguish'd from the vulgar dead.
 His long-disputed corse the chiefs inclose,
 On every side the busy combat grows,
 Thick as beneath some shepherd's thatch'd abode,
 (The pails high foaming with a milky flood),
 The buzzing flies, a persevering train,
 Incessant swarm, and chas'd return again.

Jove view'd the combat with a stern survey,
 And eyes that flash'd intolerable day.

Fix'd on the field his fight, his breast debates
 The vengeance due, and meditates the fates ;
 Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
 The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,
 This instant see his short-liv'd trophies won,
 And stretch him breathless on his slaughter'd son ;
 Or yet, with many a soul's untimely flight,
 Augment the fame and horror of the fight.
 To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praise
 At length he dooms ; and that his last of days
 Shall set in glory ; bids him drive the foe ;
 Nor unattended, see the shades below.
 Then Hector's mind he fills with dire dismay ;
 He mounts his car, and calls his hosts away,
 Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he sees decline
 The scales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.

Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled,
 And left their monarch with the common dead :
 Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
 Of carnage rises, as the heroes fall.
 (So Jove decreed !) At length the Greeks obtain
 The prize contested, and despoil the slain.
 The radiant arms are by Patroclus born,
 Patroclus' ships the glorious spoils adorn.

Then thus to Phoebus, in the realms above,
 Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling Jove :
 Descend, my Phoebus ! on the Phrygian plain,
 And from the fight convey Sarpedon slain ;
 Then bathe his body in the crystal flood,
 With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with blood :
 O'er all his limbs ambrosial honours shed,
 And with celestial robes adorn the dead.

Those rites discharg'd, his sacred corse bequeath
 To the soft arms of silent Sleep and Death :
 They to his friends the mournful charge shall bear,
 His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear ;
 What honours mortals after death receive,
 Those unavailing honours we may give !

Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height,
 Swift to the field precipitates his flight ;
 Thence from the war the breathless hero bore,
 Veil'd in a cloud, to silver Simois' shore ;
 There bath'd his honourable wounds, and drest
 His manly members in th' immortal vest ;
 And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dew,
 Restores his freshness, and his form renews.
 Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
 Of matchless swiftnefs, but of silent pace,
 Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the god's command,
 And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land ;
 The corse amidst his weeping friends they laid,
 Where endless honours wait the sacred shade.

Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plains,
 With foaming courfers, and with loosen'd reins.
 Fierce on the Trojan and the Lycian crew,
 Ah blind to fate ! thy headlong fury flew :
 Against what fate and pow'rful Jove ordain,
 Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain.
 For he, the god, whose counsels uncontroll'd
 Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold ;
 The god, who gives, resumes, and orders all,
 He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.

Who first, brave hero ! by that arm was slain,
 Who last beneath thy vengeance press'd the plain ;

Fix'd on the field his fight, his breast debates
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 Who last beneath thy vengeance press'd the plain ;

When heav'n itself thy fatal fury led,
 And call'd to fill the number of the dead ?
 Adrestus first; Autonous then succeeds;
 Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds;
 Epistor, Menalippus, bite the ground;
 The slaughter Elafus and Mulius crown'd :
 Then sunk Pylartes to eternal night ;
 The rest dispersing, trust their fates to flight.

Now Troy had stoop'd beneath his matchless pow'r,
 But flaming Phoebus kept the sacred tow'r.
 Thrice at the battlements Patroclus strook;
 His blazing aegis thrice Apollo shook :
 He try'd the fourth ; when, bursting from the cloud,
 A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.

Patroclus ! cease ; this heav'n-defended wall
 Defies thy lance ; not fated yet to fall :
 Thy friend, thy greater far, it shall withstand,
 Troy shall not stoop ev'n to Achilles' hand.

So spoke the god, who darts celestial fires :
 The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires.
 While Hector checking at the Scaean gates
 His panting courfers, in his breast debates,
 Or in the field his forces to employ,
 Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy.
 Thus while he thought, beside him Phoebus stood,
 In Asius' shape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood,
 (Thy brother, Hecuba ! from Dymas sprung,
 A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young),
 Thus he accosts him. What a shameful fight !
 Gods ! is it Hector that forbears the fight ?
 Were thine my vigour, this successful spear
 Should soon convince thee of so false a fear.

Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
 And in Patroclus' blood efface thy shame.
 Perhaps Apollo shall thy arms succeed,
 And heav'n ordains him by thy lance to bleed.

So spoke th' inspiring god ; then took his flight,
 And plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight.
 He bids Cebrión drive the rapid car ;
 The lash resounds, the coursers rush to war.
 The god the Grecians sinking souls deprest,
 And pour'd swift spirits through each Trojan breast.
 Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight ;
 A spear his left, a stone employs his right :
 With all his nerves he drives it at the foe ;
 Pointed above, and rough and gross below ;
 The falling ruin crush'd Cebrión's head,
 (The lawless offspring of king Priam's bed) ;
 His front, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd wound :
 The bursting balls drop sightless on the ground.
 The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
 Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
 To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides,
 While the proud victor thus his fall derides.

Good heav'ns! what active feats yon artist shows ?
 What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes !
 Mark with what ease they sink into the sand !
 Pity ! that all their practice is by land.

Then rushing sudden on his prostrate prize,
 To spoil the carcase fierce Patroclus flies ;
 Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
 That sweeps the fields, depopulates the fold ;
 Pierc'd through the dauntless heart, then tumbles slain,
 And from his fatal courage finds his bane.

At once bold Hector leaping from his car,
 Defends the body and provokes the war.
 Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
 Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;
 Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
 And echoing roars rebellow through the shades:
 Stern Hector fastens on the warrior's head,
 And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead.
 While all around, confusion, rage, and fright
 Mix the contending hosts in mortal fight.
 So pent by hills, the wild winds roar aloud
 In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood;
 Leaves, arms, and trees aloft in air are blown,
 The broad oaks crackle, and the sylvans groan;
 This way and that, the rattling thicket bends,
 And the whole forest in one crash descends.
 Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,
 In dreadful shock the mingled hosts engage.
 Darts show'r'd on darts, now round the carcase ring;
 Now flights of arrows bounding from the string:
 Stones follow stones; some clatter on the fields,
 Some hard, and heavy, shake the sounding shields.
 But where the rising whirlwind clouds the plains,
 Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains,
 And stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins! }

Now flaming from the zenith, Sol had driv'n
 His fervid orb through half the vault of heav'n;
 While on each host with equal tempest fell
 The show'ring darts, and numbers sunk to hell.
 But when his ev'ning-wheels o'erhung the main,
 Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train.

Then from amidst the tumult and alarms,
 They draw the conquer'd corse, and radiant arms.
 Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows,
 And breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes.
 Thrice on the press like Mars himself he flew,
 And thrice three heroes at each onset flew.
 There ends thy glory! there the fates untwine
 The last, black remnant of so bright a line;
 Apollo dreadful stops thy middle way;
 Death calls, and heav'n allows no longer day!
 For lo! the god in dusky clouds enshrin'd,
 Approaching dealt a staggering blow behind.
 The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel;
 His eyes flash sparkles, his stunn'd senses reel
 In giddy darkness; far to distance flung,
 His bounded helmet on the champaign rung.
 Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore;
 That plume, which never stoop'd to earth before;
 Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to shine,
 And shade the temples of the man divine.
 Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
 Not long—for fate pursues him, and the god.
 His spear in shivers falls; his ample shield
 Drops from his arm; his baldric strows the field:
 The corselet his astonish'd breast forfakes:
 Loose is each joint; each nerve with horror shakes.
 Stupid he stares, and all-assistless stands:
 Such is the force of more than mortal hands!
 A Dardan youth there was, well known to fame:
 From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his name;
 Fam'd for the manage of the foaming horse,
 Skill'd in the dart, and matchless in the course.

Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
 While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war.
 His vent'rous spear first drew the hero's gore :
 He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more :
 Nor, though disarm'd, Patroclus' fury stood :
 But swift withdrew the long-protended wood,
 And turn'd him short, and herded in the croud.
 Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal spear,
 Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear,
 Retires for succour to his social train,
 And flies the fate, which heav'n decreed, in vain.
 Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,
 Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat pursues :
 The lance arrests him with a mortal wound ;
 He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.
 With him all Greece was sunk ; that moment all
 Her yet surviving heroes seem'd to fall.
 So scorch'd with heat, along the desert shore,
 The roaming lion meets a bristly boar,
 Fast by the spring ; they both dispute the flood,
 With flaming eyes, and jaws besmear'd with blood ;
 At length the sov'reign savage wins the strife,
 And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.
 Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,
 So many lives effus'd, expires his own.
 As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
 He sternly views him, and triumphing cries :
 Lie there, Patroclus ! and with thee, the joy
 Thy pride once promis'd, of subverting Troy ;
 The fancy'd scenes of Ilion wrapt in flames,
 And thy soft pleasures serv'd with captive dames !

Unthinking man : I fought, those tow'rs to free,
 And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee :
 But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made ;
 Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid ;
 Though much at parting that great chief might say,
 And much enjoin thee, this important day.

“ Return not, my brave friend,” (perhaps he said),

“ Without the bloody arms of Hector dead.”

He spoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he sped.

Supine, and wildly gazing on the skies,
 With faint, expiring grief, the chief replies.

Vain boalter ! cease, and know the pow'rs divine ;

Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine ;

To heav'n is ow'd whate'er your own you call,

And heav'n itself disarm'd me ere my fall.

Had twenty mortals each thy match in might,

Oppos'd me fairly, they had sunk in fight :

By fate and Phoebus was I first o'erthrown,

Euphorbus next ; the third mean part thy own.

But thou, imperious ! hear my latest breath ;

The gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death.

Insulting man, thou shalt be soon, as I ;

Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh ;

Ev'n now on life's last verge I see thee stand,

I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.

He faints ; the soul unwilling wings her way,
 (The beauteous body left a load of clay,)

Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast ;

A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost !

Then Hector pausing, as his eyes he fed
 On the pale carcase, thus address'd the dead.

From whence this boding speech, the stern decree
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?

Why not as well Achilles' fate be giv'n

(To Hector's lance! Who knows the will of heav'n?

Pensive he said: Then pressing as he lay

His breathless bosom, tore the lance away;

And upwards cast the corse; the reeking spear

He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer.

But swift Automedon with loosen'd reins

Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,

Far from his rage th' immortal courfers drove;

Th' immortal courfers were the gift of Jove.

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